

# APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

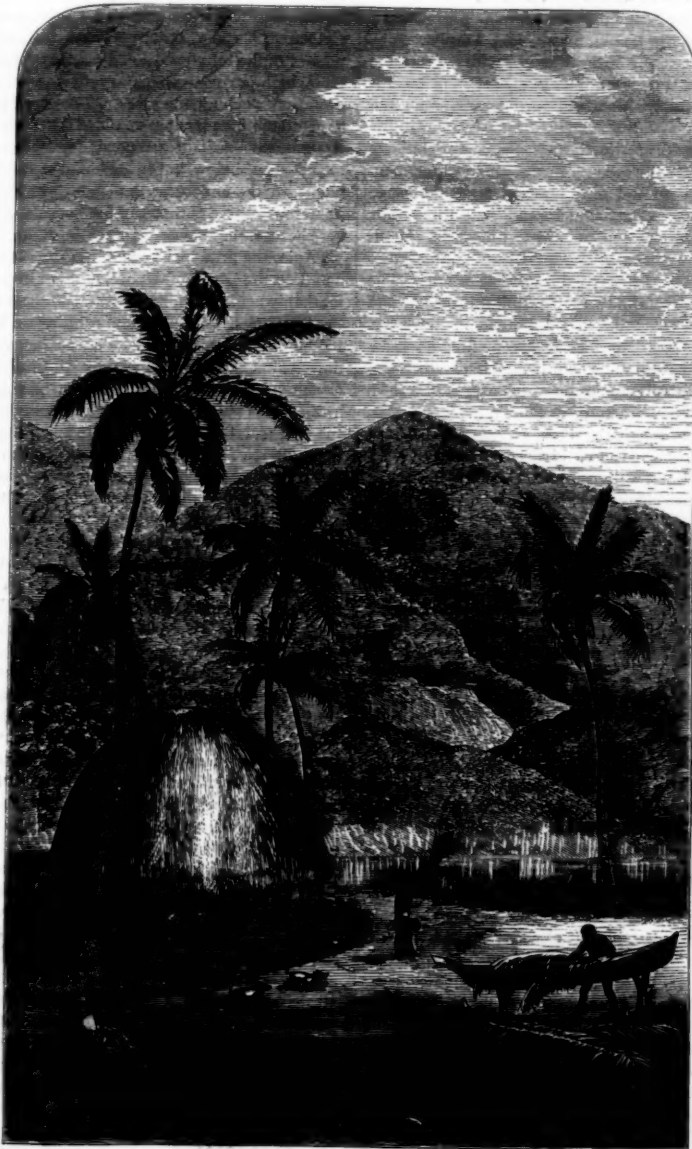
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[VOL. XV.

## THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

### I.



PAGO-PAGO.—TUTUILA.

LESS than a hundred years ago the renowned circumnavigator Captain Cook was afloat in the Pacific, an explorer whose foot was first to invade the tropical islands that are strewed like pearls on the bosom of that tranquil ocean. To the civilized world the archipelagos of the South Sea were then the remotest of the remote, grouped indistinctly in the popular geographies as the Cannibal Islands. Even twenty-five years ago the traveler who had visited them was looked upon with wonder and respect; but to-day they are comparatively familiar spots, constantly visited by whaling and trading ships, and occasionally beclouded by the smoke of great four-masted, Clyde-built steamers bound to New Zealand and Australia. In their coral-locked harbors the French, English, and American flags herald the approach of a new era and a new race. The native kings and princes now entertain their white guests with Bass's ale and champagne; the princesses speak French and are skilled in the other accomplishments of polite society; and the common people are so far advanced in the scale of civilization that they no longer give away their services and goods with savage hospitality to the passing traveler, but on the contrary victimize him on the most trifling provocation with the proficiency and audacity of a Niagara hackman.

The interest which these islands derive from their peculiar formation and beauty, as well as from the curious customs of their inhabitants, is by no means exhausted, however, and to most people they are still the far-off lands of mystery and enchantment that excited the imagination in our boyhood.

Among the visitors attracted to them of late years have been several Englishmen, who have recorded their impressions and adventures in books which have kept many London presses busy in their preparation; and the latest of these itinerants is J. W. Boddam-Whetham, who contributes an entertaining and extensive volume<sup>1</sup> to the literature of the southern seas. Mr. Whetham is a typical English gentleman traveler. His narrative has a decided exuberance and *naïveté*, and overruns with details of the life described which would have escaped the no-

<sup>1</sup> *Pearls of the Pacific*. By J. W. Boddam-Whetham. London: Hurst & Blackett.

tice of a trained writer, but which under his treatment become very delectable reading. Each day's journey begins with "a glorious tub," "a delicious bath in a stream of running water," or "a plunge under some cascade," and the vitality which these aquatic luxuries impart to the blood of the average Englishman seems in Mr. Whetham's case to extend to his writing.

At present the interest we have alluded to as attaching to all the South Sea islands exists in an unusual degree, owing to the recent annexation of the Feejee group to the British Empire, and the discussions excited by the proposed establishment of an American protectorate in Samoa. We purpose, therefore, to make a brief *résumé* of Mr. Whetham's travels in these islands, using his book and other sources of information that are open to us.

It is interesting to note at the beginning the extraordinary differences that mark the inhabitants of the several groups. They are widely apart in feature and disposition. All are not cannibals, although in some instances the custom of eating human flesh is continued in all its atrocious beastliness. The women of the Society and Navigators' Islands, for example, are perfect nymphs, of a golden-bronze complexion, with wavy black tresses, and as delicate forms as a sculptor ever imitated in marble. Their voices are musical, their manners amiable, and their minds quick. The men are tall, muscular, and courageous. But in the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands the natives, both men and women, are repulsively dwarfed in stature and intelligence—treacherous in the extreme, and realizing in their savagery the report made upon them by a sea-captain, who wrote in the blank space left in his log for an account of their manners, "None," and in a similar space for customs, "Beastly."

The people of Samoa are of the most favored type, and their land is of surpassing beauty and fertility. At the very portals of their homes the traveler is met by scenes which accelerate his interest until he is surprised by marvelous forms and colors. The islands are surrounded by a frame of coral, and when viewed from the shore the effect of the mighty breakers dashing in white foam against these ramparts is extremely grand. The surf continually assumes a different aspect: at one moment presenting little more than a long line of gentle ripples, at the next lashed into wild fury, and throwing up to great heights its angry spray of rainbow tints.

And within the harbors of which the coral-reefs are the breakwaters a thousand surprising other beauties await us. In the pale-green water miniature forests of lofty gorgonias wave their slender branches over violet-hued blossoms, and grottoes hung with stalactites of the most dazzling tints are seen here and there among avenues and labyrinths of stone-like madrepores, whose perfection of shape atones for their want of color. Fish of every variety pass and repass—some purple, with red stripes; some yellow, with black stripes; others fringed with red and gold; while conspicuous among them

all is a little fellow of the brightest ultramarine, who stands aloof from the crowd as if conscious of his superior attractions. He is the humming-bird of the waters, and, after poising himself for a minute over one plant, he starts off and hovers over some prettier flower in another place. Great sea-centipedes creep snake-like among delicate stars and huge prickly sea-urchins, and big crabs run and hunt among the rugged submarine growths, that loom up so large beneath the malachite-tinted water.

In the more shallow parts, wonderful anemones and curious shells are to be gathered by wading over the slippery corallines, but the walking is made dangerous by the presence of numerous reptiles, and the stingray, or stingaree, a great, flat fish, with a remarkable elongation of the spine, which is supposed to be armed with a sting.

The principal islands of the Samoan group are Upolu, Savaii, and Tutuila. The latter is the farthest south, and its volcanic peaks are seen many miles away by approaching ships. The total population ten years ago was about three thousand nine hundred and forty-six souls, comprising one thousand two hundred and ninety-three men, one thousand one hundred and ninety-one women, seven hundred and sixty-three boys, and six hundred and ninety-nine girls. About eighty are Mormons, thirty Roman Catholics, and the remainder are Protestants. The island is from two to five miles in width, and seventeen miles in length, and includes forty-three villages, each governed by an independent chief. The principal harbor is Pago-Pago—pronounced *Pan-go-pango*—the town of which boasts of a church, a schoolhouse, and a large hall.

Arriving here, Mr. Whetham says, "I could not help wondering whether we saw an every-day Samoan scene or a specially beautiful one." The narrow beach of dazzling-white sand is fringed with glorious palms and broad-leaved bananas, among which are scattered the picturesque, dome-shaped houses shown in our illustration. Hills, densely clothed with the most luxurious vegetation, slope upward, and are crowned with volcanic peaks wooded to the crest, except in a few places, where the black lava-cliffs stand out in perpendicular masses. And seaward is the land-locked bay, with its olive-green waters separated by a line of snowy breakers from the bright-blue water outside the reef.

The houses of Tutuila differ from those on some of the other islands, being raised on a platform of gravel and rock. A spacious room is formed by posts driven into the ground, from which spring rafters, making a lofty roof, which is closely thatched with the long leaves of the sugar-cane. High pillars, generally made of the breadfruit-tree, support the centre, and the whole of the framework is secured by neatly-braided sennit of different colors, made from the fibre of the coconut, but dried by baking, combed out, and plaited. The eaves reach within four feet of the ground, and keep the interior very cool; white mats are spread over the floor, and everything looks scrupulously clean. Gayly-colored curtains divide the sleeping-

places, which are sometimes raised by piles of soft mats.

Tutuila was formerly a great depot for cocoanut-oil, which was produced by placing the grated kernels of old nuts in a wooden trough—generally a canoe or the hollow trunk of a tree—and then exposing them to the hot sun. But the trade now is chiefly carried on in "copra," the name given to the old kernels when they are torn into slips, large quantities of which are exported to Hamburg and other ports, where the oil is extracted from them by machinery.

The scenery of the coast between Tutuila and Upolu is very impressive. From the verge of the water the land rises in gentle undulations to a height of about four thousand feet, a mass of vegetation that dazes the mind by its profuse and magnificent foliage. There are deep glens, hills and valleys, romantic gorges and rocky precipices, clothed with every variety of verdure. The plumes of the lofty cocoanut-trees wave from some high-jutting promontory in the same profusion as along the shore. The deep foliage of the breadfruit-tree hides the round, straight shafts of the palms, and nothing is to be seen below but a mass of tropical plants, in the undergrowth of which are lost numerous cascades that tumble in great silver sheets from above.

Apia, the principal town of Samoa, is situated on the island of Upolu, and is also remarkably beautiful, formed, like all others in the South Sea, by a coral-reef running across the mouth of a large bay. The entrance is narrow, but the reefs are plainly discernible, except when the sun is right ahead. Another reef runs out from the shore, and divides the harbor into two docks, with an average depth of ten feet. As you enter, the native town is seen to the right, located on a narrow neck of land, amid groves of cocoanut and breadfruit trees. The palm groves on the extreme left are dotted with foreign residences, over which the American flag floats; and the middle ground along the beach is filled up with small white houses and native cottages, savage and civilized life being strangely blended together.

Behind the settlement, for some distance, the ground is level, but eventually it rises into purple highlands, cleft by a waterfall, which pours its avalanche into a stream winding into the sea. Palms, breadfruit, orange, tamarind, and other trees mantle everything, except the bay itself, which is usually well filled with foreign shipping and native canoes.

The native houses of Upolu are not shaped like those on Tutuila. They are generally oval in shape, and the thatched roof, instead of being dome-like, resembles the inverted hull of a ship. The interior arrangements and furniture are the same in all the houses. Plenty of mats, a hole in the ground in which a fire is lighted to do the cooking, a kava-bowl hanging against the wall, an old chest or two, a few bamboo pillows, and perhaps an old musket, are all the luxuries and necessities to be seen. Fishing-nets, pieces of tappa, and odds and ends of all sorts, are hidden away among the rafters, and the cleanliness and order are surprising.

Kava, by-the-way, is an intoxicating drink, made from the root of a shrub which is found in most of the South Sea islands. After the root has been cleaned, it is cut up into small pieces, which are distributed to young men and women who have perfect teeth, and by them masticated until it is reduced to a pulp, which is thrown, mouthful after mouthful, into a large wooden bowl. Water is then poured on, and the mass is worked about with the hand until all its strength is extracted.

Some travelers are enthusiastic about the merits of kava, but Mr. Whetham speaks of it as resembling medicated soapsuds, with the color of weak tea, and this notwithstanding that the unpleasant associations attending its preparations were in his case mitigated by the charms of a young lady who offered him the beverage.

Indeed, the heart that can pass through Samoa unscathed must be one of flint. We have read books on these islands by naturalists, naval officers, missionaries, and noblemen, and the pages of all bear testimony, written and unexpressed, of the winsome appearance of the Samoan belles.

The men also are attractive, though not so much so, of course, as the women. The chiefs are especially notable for their great size and dignity of bearing. They are far superior to the common people, both mentally and physically, but are very envious of one another. They live in great dread of being killed, and always have one of their followers watching over them by night. A favorite mode of "working off" a chief, as Dennis, the hangman in "Barnaby Rudge," would say, is by inserting the tail of a sting-ray into his side while he is asleep. The barbed point works its way into the body during the process of breathing, just as an ear of corn will work its way up the arm if it is put under the sleeve.

Chiefs have the best of everything, and nothing in common with their people. They even have a dialect of their own, and use a vocabulary that is peculiar to them.

The Samoan language sounds not unlike Italian. Every syllable ends with a vowel, and the accent is on the penultimate. It is also a very easy language to "pick up," though the pronunciation is sometimes puzzling, as the same letters are often pronounced in different ways, some words acquiring totally different meanings in the transposition of the accent.

The traveler's first impression on landing is that he has fallen among the most hospitable people on earth. He is overloaded with presents, and a crowd of natives press their services upon him; but before he has been ashore many days he learns to repeat the words of Laocoon to the Trojans, "I fear the Greeks, especially when bearing gifts." A return, more than the equivalent in value, of the present made, is invariably expected, and a trained European courier demands less per day for his services than the naked Samoan who guides you across a stream. The people are great beggars, moreover, and not over-particular as to the observance of the eighth commandment. But they have good as well as bad qualities.

Though they do not evince any very great affection for their own kindred, yet the inhabitants of a town seem like the members of a single household, and every member of that household in perfect harmony with his brother.

Mr. Whetham did not hear an angry word or see an angry look while he was among them, except in a few cases of drunkenness. They have a police force, nevertheless—eight men dressed in brilliantly-colored shirts and pasteboard hats (a costume which would add considerably to the interest of our principal thoroughfares if the Broadway squad would adopt it), who parade the beach-road in single file, with a ludicrous assumption of dignity.

The laborers on the cotton-plantations are not usually Samoans, but immigrants from the Line Islands. They are all strong, short, and thick-set, differing from the Samoans in the greatest degree. Some of them are coal-black, others copper-colored, others scarcely darker than a Mexican, but most of them very hideous, with apparently as little intelligence about them as clothing.

They are easily recognized by the extraordinary fashion in which they wear their hair, pasting it into a sort of thatch, which stands on end. Nearly all of them have their ears pierced, using the lobe of this organ as a pocket, after the manner of the primitive savage, and so enlarging it by wear that after a time it is possible to carry two bananas and a few slices of 'breadfruit' for dinner in it.

They are industrious as a class, and serve their employers for a term of years, at the end of which they are returned to their own homes. But they often engage themselves for a second or third term, as their islands do not compare with Samoa in natural wealth and productiveness. While they remain at home infanticide is resorted to in self-defense: otherwise their little world of a few square miles would be overstocked in a very short time.

As an illustration of the half-starved condition in which they live, it is related that a trader once called at one of their islands after a year's absence, and was immediately surrounded by natives who begged him to give them "some more of the meat with a string in it." For a time the trader could not imagine what they meant, but at last it proved to be candles, some boxes of which had been given to them in exchange for shell ornaments, mats, etc. Their idea of a feast is an unlimited supply of soap and a bottle of poisonous gin—of which they partake in alternations with the greatest gusto—but when a little human flesh is to be obtained they turn up their noses at all other dishes.

The employment of natives on cotton-plantations has led to many cases of kidnapping. On one hand we read of a vessel's captain forcibly stealing a cargo of natives, and subjecting them to horribly inhuman treatment. On the other hand, many islands are associated with the massacre of whites who have been wrongly suspected as slavers by the ignorant savages inhabiting them.

An act was passed by the Colonial Parliament in 1868 to "regulate the introduction and treatment of Polynesian laborers," in which it is stipulated that every native engaging to emigrate must understand and consent to the contract, and be clothed, victualled, and paid. But it has done little good, and several British war-vessels have been more effectual in suppressing the nefarious traffic. The class of men who enter into the labor-trade are neither reputable nor responsible, as a rule; the bonds they give to the colonial secretary for good behavior are usually worthless, and in practice the law itself is inadequate. Several times the captains and owners of slave-ships have been brought before the courts at Sydney, and abundant testimony has been produced to show their infamous dealings, but they have been acquitted and their captors condemned in heavy damages. Mr. Whetham thinks, however, that the cases are not so numerous as has been stated. The crews of vessels employed in the labor-trade, he says, are too few in number to risk their lives among a couple of hundred kidnapped savages, but he does not deny that some outrages have occurred, and cites the well-known case of the *Carl* as an example.

The *Carl* left Melbourne to obtain labor in a legitimate manner, but the natives were unwilling to engage themselves. The captain, therefore, sent one of the crew ashore in the disguise of a missionary, and induced a large number to visit the ship in their canoes, which were sunk by pig-iron dropped from the deck as soon as they came alongside. The islanders were then fished out of the water, knocked on the head, and thrown into the hold. Eighty men were collected in this way, and as the *Carl* put to sea they attacked the main hatchway, the crew of the ship firing upon them for eight hours, while one of the owners sang "Marching through Georgia."

Life in Samoa presents two pictures to the traveler—one bright, indolent, and romantic; the other dark, indolent, and aimless. The former is that of the natives, the latter that of the miserable specimens of the great European races who are continually encountered floating among these islands, desolate and broken; men who have lost all hope, and who have lost nearly every trace and resemblance of their former condition.

Such men are inferior, mentally, morally, and physically, to the natives among whom they try to assert their superiority, and are regarded at their true worth by the natives.

To the brown barbarian a monotonous existence is bliss, and he passes his days lolling about under the orange and banana trees, and among the cocoanut-groves, which extend as far along the shore as the eye can reach. Nature supplies him with food without exacting an exertion in return. Reaching out his arm he can at any time obtain some breadfruit, and this, baked with orange-sauce and a slice or two of fish, forms a dinner that amply satisfies him.

Formerly the natives helped the whites whenever they could, but now, as we have already remarked, they will not do a hand's turn unless they are well paid for it. They



say: "White man do nothing for nothing; all same native man." They take a commercial view of the case; they see the rivalry that exists in trade, that whites throw every obstacle in the way of a rival's success, and they imitate the example which is set them.

Sunday is religiously observed at Apia. No fishing is allowed, and the canoes are all hauled up on the beach; no one rides on horseback or even climbs a tree for a coconut, and it is almost impossible to either buy or sell the most necessary article, so rigorous are the police.

The natives troop off to church in their brightest shirts, with Bibles in their hands. They usually read the Bible upside down, and if the weather is warm they put their shirts under the seats.

A few miles from Apia is a beautiful waterfall, which is reached through the interminable banana and cocoanut groves, varied here and there by a mangrove-swamp. The stream by which it is formed rolls down a deep ravine, leaping from ledge to ledge of broken rock, until it eventually reaches a perpendicular cliff about thirty-five feet high, over which it descends into a deep, broad pool, cradled in ferns, and surrounded by lofty trees and wild-plantains. One of the amusements of the natives is to slide over this cliff into the pool below, but, however pleasant the sensation of this deep plunge is to them, it is a little too hazardous for foreigners.

The charms of Samoa have their drawback in the prevalence of certain diseases, some of which are common to all climates, and others peculiar to the South Sea. Chief among the latter is the terrible *fat-fat*, or elephantiasis. It is very shocking to see men, of splendid *physique* otherwise, whose lower limbs are as large as those of an elephant. Apparently, however, this disease is painless to the afflicted, as they walk about as actively, and to all appearance are as cheerful, as those untouched by it. The cause of the malady is unknown, but the hypotheses respecting it are many—one being that it is brought on by eating unripe breadfruit, another that it is the result of drinking cocoanut-milk, while a third ascribes it to the intemperate use of kava. Dysentery and diseases of the lungs are common, and the life of a new-comer is rendered almost unbearable by swarms of flies and mosquitoes.

We will conclude this our first sketch with an account given by Mr. Whetham of the navigation of a coral-reef:

"The narrow entrance through the reef was startlingly intricate; indeed, our course after we had entered was, as far as the anchorage, through a perfect labyrinth of channels that crenellated through the dangerous coral-belts. It was port! starboard!—starboard! port! every instant; and it was more through the efficiency of the captain than the skill of the native pilot that we arrived in safety at our destination. Had the wind not been in our favor, or had the sun been right ahead, we could not have entered at all. I was not surprised to hear that the French government steamer *L'Hermite* was wrecked there shortly after we left. When

attempting to pass in she was met by a strong tide running out. Her commander, thinking she would not round in time, shifted the helm, and tried to go out. It was, however, too late, and the vessel was swept broadside on to the reef, where she became hopelessly fixed, lying on her beam-ends, with the heavy surf breaking over her.

"Our little craft was handled in the most masterly manner. We could distinguish the white sand and pieces of coral below us, and the coral-rocks on either side—the pass between being often so narrow that it appeared to be of hardly sufficient width to admit the vessel.

"Just as we came to the end of the passage, and when we were so near the reef that we could have jumped on to it from the deck, 'down' would go the helm, 'about' would come the heavy boom, and round the little vessel would go to repeat the performance almost instantly again. But after some miles of this dangerous navigation we reached our anchorage in safety."

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

## FALLEN FORTUNES.

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES PAYN.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### THE POWER OF "OLD TIMES."

"EDITH, darling, I have thought of a plan." This was the way John Dalton "broke it" to his wife in her chamber that afternoon; he felt that with her it was no use to silver the bitter pill, for that her love, no matter what disguise they wore, would detect the aloes.

"A plan, dearest?" answered she, in trembling tones.

There was something in his voice, though he had made it as buoyant as he could, that presaged to her of ill.

"Yes, love. The more I think of that Brazil mine, the more I cling to it. I think with you that that strange warning, not to deem all as lost there, came from a friendly hand; and, though I do not say that Holt has played me false—I have no proof of that, you know—"

"Never mind Mr. Holt, love, now," interposed she, calmly.

"Well, I have come to the conclusion that the best and only course that now lies open to me is to see after the thing with my own eyes—to go to Brazil."

"To go to Brazil!"

How faint and full of fear that echo was! She had been standing by his side, with one hand resting on his shoulder, and he felt her clutch it, to save herself from falling.

"Yes, dear, why not?" he went on, in cheerful but caressing tones. "It is what men of business are doing every day; a few weeks out, a few weeks home again. We miss them at the club for a month or two, and then they are back again so soon it seems impossible they can have gone so far—not

that it is really far away nowadays," he added, hastily. All his *finesse*, all his dexterous phrases, had clean gone from him. The despair in his wife's eyes disarmed him of all those weapons which he had been wont to wield so well.

"If you think, darling, that I had better stay at home—that is," added he, with a wan smile, "in England, and trust to the chapter of accidents; to the possible aid of friends, or the special intervention of—of Fate" (it was curious how the spectacle of his Edith's misery made him rebellious against the Hand which, if it had not caused it, still had not warded it off, and how again her sad, reproving glance brought him back in an instant to submission)—"if you have any reasonable expectation that things may mend with us; that to-morrow will be not like to-day, and yesterday, and all other days since this befell us, void of help and hope—I will stay on. Or, if you feel that the parting from me—for six months at most—is more than you can bear—"

"No, no!" she murmured, hoarsely, while her face, sharp, anguished, racked with woe, denied her words. He did not look upon it, but kept his eyes upon the pattern of the carpet, though one hand clasped her own, and one was thrown about her waist and held it close.

"I am yours, God knows, Edith, in any case; but, having lost your all, the least I can offer is myself, to go, to stay, exactly as you choose to order it—only this seems the best. Holt cannot tell—or will not—how matters at San José really stand. No one in England seems to know about it, and none has such cause to care as I. It will at least be movement, action. I shall feel that I am doing something, striving to build up a little what my folly has destroyed; I shall not, as now, be sitting with folded hands, watching the gathering clouds before they burst and overwhelm my dear ones—O Edith, let me go!"

"Go, dearest, go," said she. "If any hope lies that way, go—to Brazil. We shall not—our hearts at least will not be parted; all day my thoughts will be upon you, and all night, if sleep should come, my dreams will be full of you.—O God, protect this man," exclaimed she, passionately, "whom thou hast given unto me to be mine own, and bring him back to those he loves!"

She had fallen on her knees upon the footstool by his side, and on her upturned face the sun was shining. No pictured saint with glory on her brow ever looked more pure and fair.

"What am I, what am I," thought Dalton, "that this sweet soul should importune Heaven for me? What are we all—we men—that our women should do the like for us? And would they do the like if they knew what we were? 'To those he loves,' she prayed, but not 'to me.'" He took no note of that when the words were spoken, but yet they lived with him, and, looked at by the light of things to come, had afterward a keen significance.

"And when is it you think of—"

"The steamer by which—subject to your wishes, dearest—I design to sail leaves Southampton on Sunday week."



"So soon!" sighed she. "But you know best."

"Nay, darling, I know nothing. But it seems to me that what I am to do, if it is to be done, should be done at once. Holt tells me that there is no means of getting information—except by telegraph—from the agent at San José, or from the English expert who was sent out to see about the mine. Now, I'm sure if I asked Campden he would say at once, 'Go and look into this matter with your own eyes. Search your well for the truth while the water is clean, which it may be the interest of some people to sully.' There is no doubt that the whole affair is a swindle, but still there may be some advantage in getting to the bottom of it."

Mrs. Dalton sighed. It might be so, or it might not, but her mind reverted to the times—not so long ago—when her husband had had naught to do with any such matters.

"If your time is so short, darling, would it not be right to let the dear children know? Every hour that they now pass away from you, in ignorance of its preciousness, they will regret hereafter. 'We might have been with dear papa,' they will say when you are far away, John."

"Let us wait till we get home, dearest. It is but two days more. If we told the girls and—Tony"—their very names melted the waxen heart within him—"they would never keep the secret. I don't want Campden to know it, and especially that woman"—it was thus I am afraid that Dalton, although unconscious of his disrespect, indicated his hostess—"while we are still their guests. We will part company just as usual, and then I will write and tell him."

"The girls will be very brave, John—of that I am certain; and, as for Tony, except for the pomp and circumstance of being an Eton boy, he has no ambitions to be shattered. As for his education—at all events for the present—that will be superintended by Jenny, who, he has always protested, has taught him more than all his other teachers put together."

"Poor Jenny, poor Jenny!" murmured Dalton. To his heart of hearts his invalid daughter was the dearest of all his little flock; and, when he showed it, it was gladly pardoned to him by all the rest, by reason of her infirmity. "O Heaven!" cried he, in anguish, "that I should have brought my Jenny to such a pass as this!"

"Jenny will do very well, John," returned his wife, with cheerfulness.

"What!" exclaimed he, almost in anger—"without doctors, or sea-air, or comforts such as she has always been accustomed to, and which she needs more than all the rest? No, Edith; she will die, and it will be her own father who has—"

"John, this must not be," interrupted his wife, reproachfully; "if you break down like this, what will become of us?"

"That is what I am thinking of," answered he, bitterly.

"Well, and I have been thinking of it, too, and have hit upon a scheme for the future, which I should have told you a while ago, only your great plan put my little one

out of my head. My notion is, that when we have got rid of our house, which of course must be done as soon as possible, we should all go and lodge with Mrs. Haywood. The dear old woman dotes upon the girls as much as when she was their nurse, and I am sure would be delighted to have us. I think we could live in Brown Street as cheaply as anywhere."

It was wonderful to see how this fragile and delicate creature, bowed down by present misfortune, and full of worse foreboding for the future, rose up to confront the evil day, and make what provision she could against it.

"It would be cheap, no doubt," observed Dalton, ruefully. "Let me see; she lives somewhere out Pentonville way, does she not?"

"You ought to know, John, since you furnished the house for her. She, poor, dear old thing, always speaks of you as though you were a sort of deputy Providence. We could all be housed safely and snugly there, you see, till you came back again, and you would feel quite comfortable in your mind about us. With a good house over our head, and the dearest old landlady in Christendom to look after us, and Tony's education going on, why, there will not be so very much to complain of, after all."

Dalton's mind had wandered to Brown Street, which, in spite of his late inquiry, he remembered very well. When Kate and Jenny emerged from childhood, and Tony was sent to school, and there was no longer need of Nurse Haywood's services, instead of pensioning that faithful and affectionate woman—the same who had given Jenny, by-the-by, her favorite desk—Dalton had bought the lease of a small house for her, and fitted it up for the reception of lodgers. The old lady preferred to get her own living—she always "liked to be doing summat," she said, "and could never abide being idle"—rather than "to take wages for doing nothing;" and it was now fortunate indeed that she had been provided for in this way. The happiest days of her life were those in which her old mistress or her young ladies would drop in to take a dish of tea on an afternoon in her back-parlor, and talk over old times, while their fine carriage stood outside her door, to the admiration of the neighbors. As a general rule, "carriage-people" did not come to Brown Street, which was not in a fashionable neighborhood. It was in a northern suburb, new, and therefore comparatively clean, and Mrs. Haywood's little mansion was the pink of cleanliness; if she ever used strong language, it was excited by the indignation against "them dratted blacks," whom she regarded as a "Southerner" the living negro in rebellion. But this was a feature into which Dalton did not go; it was the insignificance of the place, and the poorness of its surroundings—not its cleanliness—that presented themselves to his mind. He beheld his Edith, accustomed to luxurious dwellings, raiment, food, living out in this poor spot the remainder of her years, gradually forgotten by the world in which she had moved and been admired; he saw his Katy, already the belle of many ballrooms, though

so young, become a household drudge; he saw Jenny—the bright, courageous, stricken girl—fighting in vain against such enemies as poverty and solitude; he saw Tony shut out from the class to whom he belonged by Nature as well as birth, and growing up a city clerk. It was a picture every detail of which inflicted upon him pain and remorseful pity. He could not face his Edith's future with the courage that she faced it for herself.

When she said that "there would not be so much to complain of, after all," he could not mirror back her smile, nor add one word of comfort to swell the meagre stream of her content. Her plan, however, pitiable as it might be, was practicable; and all that could be done, that could be set about with hand or brain, in his sad case, was welcome to him. He wrote at once to his lawyer with regard to the immediate disposal of their house in town, and his wife wrote to Nurse Haywood, as she was still called. By the time their replies could be received, there would be no reason for further concealment; and if it were possible Dalton wished to see matters arranged for his dear ones before quitting England.

Alas! how much precaution, prudence, providence for others are thrown away in this world! though, let us hope, the affection that has dictated them will be taken into account by him who provides for all. What tears are shed for only seeming woes! What bulwarks are set up with infinite pain and loss, when, in fact, there are no assailants! What energies are wasted for a shadow!

That very day, when the afternoon post came in, John Dalton marked his friend and host look up at him from a letter with a look that told him his secret was discovered. He was always on the watch for such a look. It seemed to him strange that even the very servants were unaware that he was a ruined man; and now it had come at last. It was scarcely to be expected that some echo of the tidings which he had confided to so many would not return to Riverside before he could get away; and so it had happened.

Holt and Tony were in the room at the time; the boy had just received a letter from a school-friend who had preceded him to Eton, which painted the joys of that famous school, and he read scraps of it aloud in triumph. "What fun it must be, papa, must it not?"

And with no unusual tenderness (though his heart was nigh to breaking) he had answered, "Yes, my boy;" and then stepped out-of-doors alone, in expectation of Campden following him, which he did immediately.

Dalton heard the familiar footsteps on the gravel-walk behind him moving quicker than usual, and felt the friendly hand laid upon his shoulder, and he stopped, but did not turn his head. Perhaps he had some suspicion—so bitter had he become of late—that his old friend's face might be already changed toward him.

"Why, Dalton, my dear old fellow, what is this? A man has written to me this afternoon, and tells me—"

"It is true, Campden," answered the oth-

er, hoarsely; "I know the news he gives you. I am ruined."

"Good God, John, I hope things are not so bad as that!"

There was a genuine and tender sympathy in the inquiry, and yet there was something, too, that jarred on Dalton's ear, so sensitive had sorrow made it.

If things had not been so desperate with him then, it seemed this man would have taken the matter coolly enough.

"Things are quite as bad, Campden; they could scarcely by any possibility be worse."

"That is what one always thinks when one is knocked over for the first time. Yet one often finds there are no bones broken, after all. How has it all happened? My correspondent writes it was a mine—things, in my opinion, as dangerous in speculation as in warfare."

"Yes; but, unfortunately, I did not consult you," answered Dalton, coldly.

"Well, my dear fellow, do it now," returned the other, good-naturedly. "'Two heads are better than one,' even though the one may be the longer. Don't be savage with me, for it is I, remember, who have cause for annoyance rather than you. I mean," added he, gently, since Dalton remained silent, "I might well complain, as your oldest friend, that you have been applying to others for assistance in this matter, instead of first coming to me."

I knew you could not help me, Campden—except in one way," answered Dalton, in a softened tone; "and I was proud, and wished my ruin to remain unknown until I had left your roof."

"I should have hoped that my roof would have been as your own, John, and myself as yourself. There, there—let us come into the shrubbery. How about this mine? Where is it? Or does it exist at all? Sometimes they don't."

"It is in Brazil—the *Lara*. Near the great San José mine."

"The *Lara*! Why, my good fellow, that has burst up altogether. It was a plant, it seems, from the very first. How, in the fiend's name, did you ever get connected with such a thing?"

"It is scarcely worth while to go into that," replied Dalton, doggedly. "I am connected with it. Everything I have in the world is in it."

"Then you have been swindled."

"Very likely. I am not quite sure, however, how the matter stands. I am going over by the next Rio mail to see after it myself."

"You are going to Brazil?"

"Yes; that is fixed. It is at least better than going to the devil, which I should feel that I was doing every day that I stopped here in England with my hands before me."

"And your wife?"

"She knows it all—knows that I have lost my fortune and her own by my cursed folly; and that I have just this slender hope left of retrieving it. She has made up her mind to part with me. She has ten times my courage, and a hundred times my worth. God help her!"

"I say Amen to that, Dalton. But why

should she not stay here—she and the girls—while you are away? I am sure Julia—"

"Thank you, but that is impossible," interrupted Dalton. "It is, nevertheless, an unspeakable comfort to me to know that I leave her and hers with such a friend to council and assist them as yourself. You will be true and tender to them, I know; you will remember old times, George, and your old friend, even if you never see him more."

"So help me Heaven, I will, John!" answered the other.

The two friends grasped one another's hands in silence. Neither of them was much given to sentimental reminiscence; but at that moment the door that shuts out the past swung back upon its noiseless hinge, to each disclosing many a sunny picture: a grass-plot in a college-court; a lime-walk musical with bird and bee; a river running under many a bridge, past sloping gardens; snug chambers, loud with youthful revelry. They had lived among such scenes together long ago, and had had such joys in common as only youth, on whom no shadow of coming care has need to rest, can know. The hand that reaches through the mist of time, and touches hearts, was on them both. For half a second they were boys again; then habit resumed its sway.

"You will draw on me, of course, Dalton, in case you should need money out yonder," observed Campden, and he threw his thumb over his shoulder to indicate the geographical position of Brazil.

"I hope that will not be necessary," said the other, smiling.

"I hope so too; no one *wants* to be drawn upon; only, if you require a banker, at least give me the refusal—"

"Hallo, Tony, what is it?"

It was a relief to both men, but especially to the one who had thus tendered his good services, and was beyond measure apprehensive of being thanked, that their conversation was thus interrupted. The boy ran to them eager-eyed and flushed with haste—a very Ganymede of a messenger.

"Please, papa, mamma wants you when you are disengaged."

"And what is your hurry about, young master?" inquired Mr. Campden.

"Dr. Curzon is here, and he says I may ride his pony." He was off again like a shot.

"That is a likely boy of yours, Dalton."

"Yes, poor lad. He little thinks that he will never see Eton."

"But why should he not? It's a pity such a clever little chap as that—quite a chip of the old block, I'm sure—should be deprived of his schooling. Come, I'm his godfather; let me take so much at least upon my shoulders. You are not too proud for that, surely. If you are, I shall see what Mrs. Dalton can do with you."

"You are most kind, indeed, George; the fact is, Edith and I had arranged that Jenny was to be his tutor for the present; but I should be very glad to spare her."

"Then, that's settled. Nay, I won't keep you from your wife another moment, so let's say no more about it. The boy shall not be balked of going to Eton."

## TRIAL BY FIRE.

A VENERABLE merchant named Borland, having spent some forty years in amassing a large fortune, and having established at the same time an unsullied reputation for probity, finally rested from his more arduous labors and retired to his library, determined to indulge, at last, a love for bookish culture which had always been latent in his bosom.

It might be demonstrated with comparative ease, could an ungracious demonstrator be found to undertake the task, that of all vanities in the world the vanity of a retired man of business is the most lofty—the most complete. It enables its possessor to single himself out from the multitude of his contemporaries and to carry himself during his final years with a quiet pomp that no Alexander, no matter how imitative, could ever hope to copy.

Few persons except the reader (a college professor who did a little coaching on the sly when he could get the chance) ever saw this student at work. It was a part of the law of the house that no one should enter the library under any pretense between the hours of nine and noon. This precious time was sacred to the improvement of the merchant.

Seated erect in his leather armchair, clad in a black body-coat, wearing a high stock and a neckerchief of lawn, resting his right hand, with a pen, upon a table furnished with delicate paper for notes, and turning his calm, judicial face toward his anxious, spare-bodied tutor, who sat straight as a poplar at another table ten feet off, the venerable pupil drank long and grateful draughts of history, biography, and metaphysics, and, though the draughts now and then went astray and wellnigh choked his ambition, yet he thrived rapidly, and daily called upon himself to witness the finer tenor of his thoughts, and the higher reach of his aspirations.

He considered all things. He gravely composed his mind upon all mooted points, and one by one he fabricated opinions that he formulated into capital sentences and laid away in his head for use in the future. He calculated the motives of all actions, demonstrated the springs of all social advancements and retrogressions, and estimated the value of all human emotions. All this study and reflection made him gracious and forbearing. His voice became gentler; his smile, though more rare, grew more delicate; and his movements became noted for their grace and deliberation.

One day while he was sitting alone, and in his usual reading-posture—that is, far back in his chair, with his book raised to the level of his lips, and with his right hand resting lightly upon his table, a series of soft knocks was rapidly delivered upon his door.

He made a response, and his daughter entered.

She was of medium height, slight in figure, graceful in movement and dress, and was noticeable for an odd combination in her manner of sedateness and girlishness. At one instant she seemed impelled to run to her

father and to seize his hands in a sort of rap-ture, and at another to stand quiet under the influence of some restraint from within. She was very pretty, and her features were regular and admirably proportioned.

"Papa!" she cried in haste, as if she were afraid that her purpose would escape her, "it is settled in my mind that I must do something. I mean something in this great world—in the sea of wrong that is beating everywhere against our feet."

So quick were the transitions in her temper that by the time she had uttered the last of these few words she was in tears, and her pretty hands, extended pleadingly before her, were trembling with emotion.

Her father slowly lowered his book, deliberately placed a mark between the leaves, and then, after indicating that she was to take a broad easy-chair that stood before him, carefully composed his hands and turned his judicial face upon her.

After a few seconds he broke the silence. All the electricity that the young girl had brought into the room had by this time disappeared.

"I readily forgive this intrusion upon my reading-hour, Florence, though you have not yet asked me to do so. I think I recognize how an enthusiasm may render even the most considerate a little thoughtless, at least for the moment—wait—pardon me"—he raised his hand and made a slight inclination of his head—"and I am by no means disposed to be captious in this particular instance, for even your few hasty words have conveyed to me a pleasurable surprise. You wish to do something in the sea of wrong that is roaring around us? Have I caught your words? However, it is immaterial—quite immaterial. Let us probe the matter. Have you formed any plan as yet?"

"No, sir; at least—"

"Nothing definite has presented its claims for relief or assistance?"

"No one thing, surely, sir; but *how many*—"

"Pardon! Then I am right in supposing that your desire is yet vague—unresolved?"

"I'm afraid so, sir; but—"

"Ah! Now I understand. You have simply been seized with a charitable impulse that has operated upon your spirit while it has been in an unusually receptive condition. This has produced a commendable wish in your breast."

Miss Florence was silent.

"Am I right in supposing this desire to turn beneficence is a new one?"

"Yes, sir; but it is earnest, nevertheless. Mr. Praed sent me the life of Miss Angel. Her course was glorious! How is it possible that I should read her history, and not have a *little true feeling*?"

For the second time a little fervor showed itself.

Miss Florence was clad in a dress of light silk, and she wore lace at her neck and her wrists. Everything about her was delicate in color, and, up to this moment, she herself had seemed to her father as light as her attire. These manifestations of fire were new to him. The gravity with which he contemplated her was mingled with a faint surprise.

Yet this shortly disappeared, if one may say so, under the ice of his reason.

"Florence, it is always well that we should boldly uncover the facts that relate to what we are about to undertake, and to estimate our powers and qualifications as they relate to them. I believe you will concede that I am right when I say that to become efficient workers among those who have fallen by the way we should possess a clear mental vision, a cool judgment, a warm heart, an unusual power of resource, and a certain stamina which is hardly to be described, yet which shows itself in the speech, in the behavior, in the countenance. The mind should be dominant; its eyes should be so elevated that they may look *down* upon the world, and not at it. The will should be as fine and strong as wire, unobtrusive, easily hidden, yet influencing its object unerringly. The courage should be as delicate as a flower, and as strong as an oak. It is my belief that the fortitude which enters into the spirit of a truly great worker among the suffering is the greatest, the very greatest, of all human virtues; it is the one supreme holiness which warms and illuminates all motives and endeavors."

Here the speaker paused. The young girl, leaning slightly forward, with her head cast down, and her hands clasped upon her lap, seemed to be full of humility. The father, thinking that he had dealt sufficiently with the ideal, proceeded to display the actual.

"You, my child, do not rise to the level I have described. You do not fill the mould that I believe the world has constructed for the measure of philanthropists. Without having watched you—without having actually compared you with others who have done great things—I feel that I am able to judge you fairly. There is one great obstacle to your successful pursuit of any object of this class. It is an obstacle which cannot be destroyed or surmounted. It is your lack of understanding, of broad appreciation. You are able to feel the stir, the sentiment of a proposition to interest yourself in the affairs of the unfortunates, but I think you incapable of comprehending a tithe of the actualities that must bear upon the matter."

This was hard rating. Without altering her position a hair's-breadth, the condemned appeared to be reckoning the depth and force of the condemnation. In a little while a slowly-creeping blush overspread her neck and cheeks, and a glistening moisture filled her eyes.

"Let us descend to specifications," continued the father, in a tone that pleased his ear. "It is best to do so for the sake of clearness. Your bearing is commonly a languid one. You have elasticity, but it shows itself only in your graceful dancing. Your head is a small one. It is beautifully formed, and its forehead is full and fair, yet mathematically, and therefore truly, it contains but little room for brain; and I am one of those who still consider the skull the sole chamber of the intellect. Your perceptions are, or at least have been, employed, so far as I am able to judge, upon things of the moment, upon what is ephemeral and of little weight.

I do not recall that you ever manifested an interest in any of the more serious questions that come to the surface day by day; but, if my memory serves me, you have been content to gaze at the bubbles on the top of the tide, and to please yourself with their distorted reflections. Now, Florence, my dear child, I love you dearly. I have never felt the slightest disappointment in realizing that you belong to the world's people. Indeed, I have often been made happy by your spirited accounts of your parties, and drives, and journeys. I frequently take pleasure in seeing your face light up when you describe some dance or some witty conversation in which you may have taken part. Your life has been, thus far, one of gayety, brightness, light. Remain in it. Leave others to go into the thickets and brambles. There is much credit to be gained by aiding and applauding those who do labor, and I should be overjoyed to know that you countenance all good work in all good fields."

Having thus fully expressed his meaning, the father ceased. He took up his book once more, resealed himself, and fixed upon his daughter a kind look of dismissal.

But she said, in a low and equable voice, in which there was no trace of reproach or agitation:

"I do not dream of being great, dear father; that would indeed be presumptuous; but I thought it would be right to keep alive the spark of real charity that has been given to me."

"By all means, Florence. Yes—certainly."

"And do not all workers grope a little at first? Weren't you describing a character that had been formed by labor rather than one able to organize everything at once—a genius? It made me very happy to find that my heart was so ready to understand Miss Angel. I forgot about the head."

"Ah!"

"And, papa, do you think I might possibly be better satisfied in the future if I *proved* that I was incapable of being useful—if I should venture a little way into the thickets only to see what it is that I must praise and aid?"

"Looking at the sun and looking at night, Florence, have the same effect—both blind one."

"And can it be true," continued the young girl, in a lower tone, and without heeding her father's evasion—"can it be true that fortitude is the supreme holiness which sustains one in labor of this kind? I hoped that it was love—a little of the spirit of God—and I thought that I felt that, even weak and ignorant as I know I am."

The father rose and placed his left hand behind his back. It was necessary that he should thus add to his diminishing prominence. As a rough man defeated in argument retires behind his battery of oaths, so a failing logician often endeavors to give weight to his arguments by rising from his seat and expanding his figure. In this way did the merchant seek to eke out the strength of his position. His daughter's contact with the great idea had made her modest, and this modesty was very sweet.

"This occasion," said the father, "is one



of those when sentiment claims to be heard with a voice of thunder. While I am clear that Nature designed you for other and more worldly purposes, it would ill become me to ignore even your transient desire. I have reflected soberly while you have been talking, and I submit to you this plan." The daughter turned her face quickly, and her lips parted. "It seems to me that, if your wish be earnest, it will exist for a long while, even if it is not made serviceable."

"Y-yes, sir," was the trembling and doubtful reply.

"And also that, if it be earnest, it will awaken into action at the first signal that help is needed."

"Yes, sir."

"This, then, is what I will consent to do: When there reaches my ears a story of distress and disaster, I will send for you. If it be expedient that you should make yourself useful at the scene of the trouble, I shall demand that you go to it without reluctance."

In an instant the young girl sprang to her feet and seized his hand with a look of rapture.

"O father! father!"

"I shall endeavor to regard you as an ever-ready agent, whose personal interests are ever subordinate to the wishes of your master. You must be ready to fly at an instant's warning, and, as I cannot look into your heart, I must depend upon you to decide whether or not it shrinks from the trial. If it does, come to me. I shall not be surprised; I shall not regret. I have expressed my belief, and it is fixed. Yet I concede a little to your whim. You would not be Florence without whims."

He rose. The daughter had already approached the door, silent with emotion.

"One moment. Did I understand you to say that Mr. Praed brought you the life of Miss Angel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! Mr. Praed is a young man who stands high in my estimation."

The daughter gave her father her hand for an instant, and then left the room.

The merchant returned to his book. He read with attention, and he made a note within the minute. He had, to his mind, encountered a problem in spiritual economy which he had dissolved perfectly, and his mind took no further cognizance of the matter.

A week later Mr. Borland walked about upon his place. He came to a broad and perfect path, brown, crowned, and as clean as a billiard-table. He turned into it with pleasure, for it was finely shaded, and the thoughts took serious turns while one strolled there; besides it afforded long vistas either way if the point of view happened to be the middle. As became a lover of Nature, Mr. Borland was in a state of subjection. He had taken off his hat. His face was slightly upturned, a tender expression played about his lips, and his eyes were slightly suffused with moisture. His hands were behind his back, his broad-ribbed shoes gave out a hardly-discernible creaking, and he thought of himself.

"How sweet, divinely sweet, is the pleasure accorded to the intelligent man! What infinite delight is the reward of one who perceives the delicate balancing, the inevitable compensating, that is forever going on in the worlds of mind and substance! How keen is the pleasure that I derive from my ability to classify, to determine the status of men; to mark the outlines of certain drifts of thought and the limits of certain civilizing influences! And how fortunate it is that I am willing to look at home and apply personally to individuals about me those lessons in care, in gracious bearing, in submission to conditions, that I learn from the immense powers and movements of the limitless universe!"

He glanced by accident down the path, and beheld at its farther end Mr. Praed, who was approaching him with an easy pace, and with his head a little inclined.

"Ah!" said the merchant, "here is a clear-cut man. He knows much more than I, yet I frequently manage to prove him wrong. He is a close thinker, and a close talker, but he lacks the *flair* of the man who has lived in the mercantile world. His dress fits him as the inner husk does the corn, and his strength is as neatly covered by his manner. He should be a diplomat."

The two gentlemen saluted each other with an unusual gravity, induced by Mr. Praed.

"Mr. Borland, I pay you a serious visit to-day. For a long time I have addressed your beloved daughter in the privacy of my heart. I now ask your permission to do so openly."

The other was thunderstruck. For some seconds he gazed at his friend in utter and painful astonishment. He then made a slight motion; Mr. Praed advanced, took his arm, and they walked away together in silence.

"May I ask, sir," said the elder, finally, "what it was that induced you to take this step? I do not mean the question to apply in such a way that you may answer 'love,' or 'desire for happiness,' or anything of that sort. I wish to get at your reasons for thinking that your marriage with my daughter would be fitting and productive of good."

"Pardon me," replied the other, with gracious coldness; "were I to venture to describe my motives to one who is opposed to my attainment of the object, I should lose much valuable time. Would it not be better were you, who have a chamber of reasons in your head, just as the state has a chamber of cannon-balls, to permit me to hear your objections? That would be a cut across the fields."

"Ah, very well!" cried the other, pleased at the implied compliment; "perhaps you are right." He paused for an instant. Then, with a somewhat higher voice, he said: "Mr. Praed, I decidedly oppose your union with my daughter for the general reason that she is not fitted to be an adequate wife to you—"

"Sir!"

"Shall I repeat what—"

"No. Merely assure me that this is not the notion of the moment."

"I assure you that I have presumed to analyze your character, and that, notwithstanding your friendship for my daughter,

the thought that you might seek to ally yourself to her never occurred to me—never!"

"Well?"

"Sir?"

"The reasons for your objection—you were about to give them."

"Ah, yes, of course! My daughter is exceedingly handsome—so I am told, and so I believe. She is modest, and she carries herself with dignity. She has a flexible and a sympathetic voice, a very fine taste in matters of dress and personal adornment, and she bears herself toward all people with a grace that I am led to believe is very winning. Yet these are things that of course must be put aside—they are fragile artificialities, and cannot count in the estimate that a reasoner would make of her real worth. As for the great sinews of high moral and spiritual impulses, I have never been able to perceive them in her—"

"Never?"

"Never. She has lived a negative life, and she has laughed and danced to her heart's content. Her passions are like clouds, her moods are like mists, and her decisions are like bubbles. All float visibly for a while, then dissolve and burst. Let us descend to the ground. I estimate that she has cost up to this time some thirty thousand five hundred dollars. Were she to marry to-day she would deplete my fortune by one hundred thousand dollars more, and then I should, in all likelihood, never see her again except at dinner on Christmas-days, when she is on this side of the ocean, a chance not likely to occur once in five years. Perhaps this seems unnatural, but it serves to show the character of my mental attitude toward the child. She has awakened no great hope within me in regard to herself; she has given me no indication of real stamina for serious work; she never inquires for my opinion; and she never asks me about the course that my observations may be taking. Now, how ineligible is such a one to the high post of helpmate to a man like yourself! I—"

"Pardon me, but—"

"Allow me, dear sir—permit me to present my side uninterruptedly, and you will see its bearing the better. You are a man whom I esteem, if you will permit me to say so, far above most men. I should indeed be narrow, and poor in spirit, did I permit an unworthy ambition to influence me in joining my poor daughter for life to one whose aims and abilities are far beyond her power to understand. That I should be proud to call you my son, I freely admit, but I know that, while in after-life I should, as your relative, catch a little of the glory that reflected from your name, I should weep in darkness at the lack of that ardent, wifely sympathy which you would so justly look for, and so surely and lamentably miss. Dear Praed, before courtship should be entered into there should be a mathematical estimate of the abilities and dispositions of the parties about to contract. This is a rude method of expressing the idea, but I act now upon a modification of it. I perceive, like a good joiner, that there are few—very few—points of contact; I perceive, as one old in experience, that love has already made a film upon your eyes. But

mine are clear—I see rocks in your path, and I steer you away. This is self-denial of the most painful sort—every word that I have uttered has had a double edge—believe me.”

After a pause for a moment Praed said: “I do not understand that this is a rejection of my suit?”

“Certainly not, merely a refusal to accept.”

“Ah!”

“Do you go? Suppose that we ride together this afternoon; it is bracing and cool.”

“Certainly; at four?”

“That is a pleasant hour; by all means.”

They saluted each other with every appearance of kindness, and Mr. Praed departed, walking down the path as he had come, with his head somewhat inclined. He showed his acuteness in maintaining for the time a strict silence. There is nothing upon which one may dash himself more fruitlessly than upon an adverse opinion delivered in sounding periods. The talker inspired by art is a fearful rock.

Miss Florence went to spend some days with a dear friend in a distant town. On a cold night, when a great wind came roaring down from the mountains, they gave a large party for her, and a hundred good people came. The music was excellent, the floor was made for dancing, and the house was full of gaiety. At twelve o'clock they began a German. At one they were wild with joy. Their hearts and their eyes were on fire, and they had *bombon* caps on their heads.

Miss Florence, with the color of a rose and the step of a fawn, was just putting out her arms for her partner (a divine pose if caught midway), when she encountered a yellow telegram-envelope that a blundering servant had brought straight in to her, because the messenger-boy had ordered her to do so.

For an instant she quailed before the brutal message, then she seized it and tore off its cover. It was very full (that is, as telegrams commonly go). It ran thus:

“MY BELOVED FLORENCE: A large fire is raging in the city of L—. I am told that many persons have been burned and injured. If you now wish to fulfill the desire you described a few weeks since, I think this is an opportunity. I will honor drafts to the sum of two thousand dollars. Take advice. It is likely that the authorities of the town you are in will send, per railroad, trains with surgeons, engines, and supplies to-night. If you shrink, do not go for pride's sake.”

She read her father's name at the end with an intense eagerness that strangely arose from the feeling that it was her last hold upon a familiar world. After she had read it she was adrift upon a monstrous sea of new conditions.

She folded the paper, and then looked around upon the gazing, pausing dancers. They told her afterward that the look was superb. Then she beckoned a wall-flower to her place, and left the room with a rush, and with her white trail on her arm and her hosts following after.

“Where is the boy that brought the message?”

“Here.”

“Do you know about the fire?”

“Sh'd think so. Luk at the ski yerself!”

He pointed out the kitchen-window. They looked, and saw the heavens livid with red, although L— was twenty miles off. For a moment they were frozen with that deadly awe that a conflagration at night seems to pour over one.

Miss Florence gave the message to her friend. Then she asked the boy, “Can you find out if they are going to send a train to—”

“I know a'ready. I've carried messages 'nuff.”

“When does it go, then?”

“At two, mem; doctors, un steamers, un vittles, un—”

“But, Florence! Florence!” cried her friends, throwing their arms about her in fear and astonishment; “you are not going, child?”

“Yes,” she replied, “I am. I have twenty minutes.” (To the boy:) “Go and find a carriage for me and I will give you a dollar.” (To her friend:) “I must take off this skirt. Come.”

“And the waist? Remember your hair and your jewelry!”

They disappeared and came back in ten minutes. Miss Florence was pale, but she had herself entirely in hand. Her hair was the same; so was her waist, made of white satin and lace. But she had the skirt of a servant's new kersey dress. She had an immense gray shawl, a white woolen hood, and sheepskin mittens, purloined from the wardrobe of the smallest boy of the family, who was in bed.

The messenger had brought a carriage. He wanted his dollar.

“Why, I've no money!”

The father and the oldest son were brought in. In spite of the confusion that so much news and the flaming heavens threw them into, they produced eighty dollars, and took a woman's draft on her father written in a very curious style.

Then she kissed everybody except the men, and ran down the steps alone and got into her carriage without a tremor of the lips. She leaned forward into the light and put out her mittened hand, and was borne away toward the danger and the suffering.

The party-giver ran back to her friends, weeping and wringing her hands; she could not help it. In an instant all joy was paralyzed. The people flocked about her and heard the story. The blood of all stirred within them, and had there been a call for volunteers not one would have staid behind. There was no more dancing; they went, a rustling, perfumed, silent mob, to the rear of the house, where, peering out of the windows, and receiving the faint red flash of the horrible fire upon their faces, they made Florence a goddess and worshipped her.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the next day, the conflagration threw its rays into the quiet, hidden study of Mr. Borland, and it lit him up—illuminated the constructions that he had called his conscience, his

brain, and his intuition. He beheld the picture and stood aghast at it.

He was double-locked against everybody but boys from the telegraph-offices; these tireless young people made their way to him with their dispatches, and they agreed with one another that the gentleman grew paler at every new message, and some of them even said that he grew smaller. There is no doubt that that was literally true.

The fire at L— had spread beyond the widest limits that even the most fearful had set for it, and the entire business portion of the place was now a plain of granulated granite, ankle-deep. Seven-eighths of Mr. Borland's property, formerly represented by enormous buildings and by insurance stock of companies who had covered his and other property, now appeared in the shape of this coarse sand, good for garden-walks at twenty-five cents the load “and take it away.”

Stupefied, prostrated, sick in every function of his body, the gentleman lay sunk in a chair, with his head supported by his hands, and with his thoughts struggling to compass the enormity of this vast disaster. Vain effort. All was confusion; where the best of order had been kept for years, where everything on the earth, and above it, and below it, had had a name, a title, all was chaos; and the lips that had uttered such interminable sense, and such smooth and obstructive logic, were now feebly repeating over and over again, “O my God! O my God! O my God!” and nothing more; and they enunciated even this weak profanity as a child whispers in its sleep—meaning nothing and knowing nothing about it.

At five o'clock one of the messengers said (he had been bribed), “Mr. Praed is out there, sir; he says, ‘Don't you remember the engagement?’”

After a stare:

“Eh—eh—what's that? what's that? Say it again.”

The boy repeated it. Another pause, with another dead, wide-eyed look that lasted half a minute. Then he suddenly brightened and sat up in his seat.

“Mr. Praed—oh, yes! Mr. Praed about Florence. Certainly, by all means! No! by no means! But in half an hour—in half an hour, boy! Say that distinctly to him; tell him that I shall be at leisure in half an hour—and my compliments.”

At the end of thirty minutes Mr. Praed, seeming just as reasonable, as wealthy, and as thoughtful, as ever, applied at Mr. Borland's door, and was immediately bidden heartily to enter.

“Ah, Praed, I know that you will pardon the delay, but the fire has made them nervous in this city, and they have been annoying me” (“Ah-h, MAN! MAN!” exclaimed Praed, in the secrecy of his astute breast); “hence the delay. But seat yourself and let us hold another parliament.”

“It may be brief.”

“Ah!”

“I merely renew my request that I may pay the addresses of a suitor to Miss Florence.”

Mr. Borland's face at once changed from that of a friend to that of a thinker. He

was sitting in a chair into which he could sink, and, as second after second passed by in silence, he began insensibly to relax his figure, and it quickly settled to the very bottom of the seat. His shoulders rose, his head fell forward a little, and his hands, with their fingers spread apart, sought his temples.

By slow graduations intelligence sank away from his visage as the wet sinks away, downward, from the sand on the seashore. It retired from his eyes, and they protruded; from his forehead, and it became corrugated; from his lips, and they parted wide, and the jaw dropped; and from his whole body generally, and it became supine as a bolt of flax. The color did not fade; if anything, it brightened.

He seemed to be dead and alive at the same instant. Thus was the flood of recollection irresistible. It caught him in spite of himself and submerged him. But his mind awoke before his body. He returned to consciousness of the present, but with a thrill of horror. He lay silent, unnatural, and motionless under the calm eye of his friend, and did not move a hair's-breadth.

"Great Heavens! how long?" queried he of himself. "One minute—two minutes—three! Is he looking at me? What shall I do? To start up would be fatal—stop—a few seconds more."

At the end of the few seconds he said, in his usual equable voice, and with no enlivenment of his features:

"I have again considered the case thoroughly."

Then he released an arm. Next he drew in a leg. His face became pleasant, he sat erect, he drew a long sigh, a sigh natural to one released from severe mental exercise, and then he felt that he had regained the level whence he had so lucklessly fallen. Tied to his agonizing wheel it was hard to look the world in the face and see it aright.

"Mr. Praed, it cannot and does not become me to still suggest obstacles to the fulfillment of your wishes. I stated my reasons adverse to your suit before, and were I now to make objections I should merely repeat the old ones. Your character is such that I may have no dread that you have not given the matter your closest study in the interval, and it would be a clear encroachment upon your dignity were I to offer any question."

Mr. Praed bowed and Mr. Borland returned it.

"In thus placing before myself the chance that you may become my closer companion and friend, I acknowledge a satisfaction deeper than any I have ever felt. It would not now be proper or advisable to recapitulate my views in regard to the undertaking of the marital relationship, still, lest you should deem that, in yielding one point, I yield all, I declare that I myself am unmoved, and that I am as firm in principle as ever."

Mr. Borland here bowed with a faint smile, and Mr. Praed returned it with a still fainter.

A pause followed.

Then the visitor rose. The host did the same, saying:

"Permit me to send for a bottle of wine, in order that—"

"Ah, no, pardon me. I have yet to win the battle. I have a rival!"

"A rival!" cried the father, in unutterable astonishment.

"Yes; your daughter has discovered a grander love than that of a lover—"

"What do you mean, Praed?"

"The love of the neighbor."

"Still, what do you mean?"

"I saw Miss Florence this morning at L—"

"Ah, ah, ah! Florence at L—! Yes, yes, she is there! Merciful Heavens! I had forgotten—at L—, yes, to be sure! Where was she? Was she safe? Is she safe?"

"Yes, she is safe. I was passing a stone building that had been left by the fire, when I heard a shriek. I looked in. A surgeon was performing an operation upon a man. There were twenty people lying upon the floor. The air was thick with smoke, the screams were incessant, and the scorched walls were still very hot. I felt them with my hand. There were two nurses; one was a negress, the other was your daughter."

In spite of his calmness, Mr. Praed turned a little pale at his own words. The father was also pale.

"A young man, a young doctor, perhaps a student, who had come out of the building to catch some pure air to keep him from fainting, said that she had arrived at four in the morning, and had, with the help of a surgeon of the city, set up two hospitals, but had been burned out of them one after the other. Here she had succeeded in staying. The young doctor said that she was a heroine—and, my God!" cried Mr. Praed, in a loud voice, "she is! From the time she set foot in that burning town, with its population surging this way and that through the streets, mad, frightened, robbed, she has done the work of twenty men like you and me. She seized upon whatever she wanted wherever she found it—upon men's backs, in stores not yet moved, in private houses—and paid as she went. She had all people brought in—the burned, the terrified, the maimed—and she gave them food, dresses, and comfort. She was tireless and fearless. With her own hands she supported a man from one burning hospital to another, and after that to the last one. He walked with one arm around her neck. I saw the man; one side was horribly mutilated. I saw your daughter at eleven o'clock. The fire was then burning in the northern part of the city, but they brought the patients in an ambulance. She was giving orders. She was cool and collected. She had a part of a satin dress on. She must have left a ball in the middle of the night. She wore a skirt from which pieces had been cut to make bandages. Everything was blackened—her dress, her face—everything but her hands and arms: she kept these clean in order to help the surgeons; but she had to wash them continually. She was not tired. The people, who were mostly Irish, were constantly blessing her in the intervals of their screams."

Mr. Praed ceased, trembling from head to foot. He fixed a pair of burning eyes hard upon his companion.

At this instant a light and imperative

knock was heard upon the door. It opened immediately, before Mr. Borland could respond, and his daughter appeared.

"Miss Borland!"

"Florence!"

"Yes," she replied, with a laugh, but with a hoarse voice, "I am here." She threw her arms around her father's neck, and kissed him. She gave Mr. Praed her hand. She was in borrowed attire, and she had made a careful toilet, yet she had not brushed the smoke out of her glorious hair. She was in haste. She cried:

"I came for money, father; for—will you believe it?—they say they cannot cash my drafts upon you."

"Ah," said the father, turning away, "do they say that? No doubt in the confusion the bankers in the town would refuse a check upon Rothschild."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Praed.

"My dear father, you must thank Mr. Praed. At eleven o'clock he gave me money, and, after they stopped paying my drafts upon you, Mr. Praed at two o'clock drew some on his own account. You owe him, let me see—"

She paused, interrupted by perceiving an interchange that was going on between the two gentlemen.

Mr. Borland fixed upon his visitor a look that was, one might say, a look of admittal. Mr. Praed returned a gaze that charged everything—falsity, dishonesty, hypocrisy—and yet he said, in a voice of one tolerant enough to admit the severity of the late exigency:

"It is nothing, sir. You owe but little to me. I comprehend the case exactly. It was the object of my mission to L—to enable myself to understand it. You remember that I am one of the insurance commissioners of the State. I know precisely what this disaster means to every company in it."

"Florence, my child," said the father, in a tremulous voice, and with a look of humility that was saddening to behold, "I must ask you to leave us alone, even at this moment when you return to me brave and triumphant. Come again in an hour."

Open-eyed, and full of amazement, the daughter obeyed.

"Sir," said Mr. Borland, leaning bodily against a chair, and lowering his voice, "you are right in what I know you believe. I am poor. Nearly everything has gone. But that is nothing to the display that you have witnessed; you have found me to be weak, and, being weak, wicked. The falling of my fortune is nothing to my fall. I have nothing to say. I will not offer you my hand, for that is a privilege that I have lost."

"But you remember your concession to me?"

"What! yes, sir. You do not now regard it—that is just."

"Pardon me; I gained it, you will remember, while I was as well informed as I am now."

"Then—"

"I maintain my position."

The host sank into his chair, and covered his face with his hands. Everything had vanished—his fortune, his dignity, his



faith in the weakness of man, and in the supineness of woman. He was again a child; he had everything to learn, everything to do. He was relegated to the dust; not one of his thrones or his principles was to be seen.

The visitor departed, and gave place to the anxious daughter, who ran and threw herself upon her knees at her father's side. He regarded her with a tenderness which he had never bestowed upon her before. "Alas, my child, what bitter tests we have had! You are grand, noble; I am degraded. After a life in the world, that world I thought so great a teacher, I failed before myself, while you who have sailed so lightly, so gayly, have met sorrow, hardship, terror, in one day, and have come back glorious. O my child! believe me that I now see you aright—that it is upon your dignity, your courage, that I lean for comfort."

ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

## THE POETS OF AMERICA.<sup>1</sup>

### III.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD, like Sands, left law for literature, and in order to gain a subsistence exhausted his better energies upon

"The dry drudgery of the desk's dead wood."

He had neither the scholarship nor the ambition of Sands, nor was he so fit for editorial work, which, indeed, belongs of right to very different men. In his college-days Brainard was not known among his fellows as a student; still he held a position of acknowledged superiority. There was that in the presence of the gentle youth which books cannot give. All felt it, if they could not fathom it. When we to-day open his volume, we discover the same subdued light which surrounded the author, and which still softens the cruder of his creations into something like beauty. It is the atmosphere of dreams; and we perceive that the sweet, sad man was a poet in spite of himself, and not by dint of toil. A stranger to ambition, one who seemed never to take a thought on fame, so gifted and at the same time so unconscious of and indifferent to his own merit—we have not his like upon our native records. A profound melancholy serves to aid us in our attempt at the explanation of such a mysterious nature; it is of little use to go farther.

The saddest sight is that face glad for the meeting of every friend, when within the breast it is so dark that life is an uninterrupted weariness. It has been intimated that, in addition to his constitutional depression, and the disappointment consequent upon failure in certain lines of effort, Brainard suffered the sorrow of sorrows. More than likely this is true; but never shall we find a trace of bitterness. Herein lies the central beauty of his character. From a boy, in the midst of happiest scenes, "a tinge of thoughtful and almost despairing pensiveness was sometimes observed to steal over his features;" but never did his lips shape

themselves to silent scorn or to the utterance of a single severity. All along we hear the undertone of sadness, simply because he cannot keep it to himself. It has as much Nature in it as the moaning of the night-wind.

Who looks for genius in every line or even every poem of this singer will be disappointed. Who hopes to read his volume, small as it is, without running upon wretched passages, had better leave it untouched. These observations only go to prove the author's genius, when his character is understood, and one is acquainted with the manner in and purpose for which he wrote. Work, he would not. This to begin with; then, the poems we are about to consider were written, at the last moment, for the columns of a country newspaper! To write for fame is one thing; to write for salt is another. Who else had dared put himself in such hazard? It was no boldness in Brainard, who cared least for what should come. After his verses had subserved their momentary purpose, the author clipped them from the files of the *Connecticut Mirror*, and, with slight alteration, put them into book-form. Now, if one-half of these effusions turn out to be poems proper, what further testimony is required in order to establish their author's genius?

Repeated offenses which come of indolence, indifference, and haste, we shall surely find; but, oh, redeeming quality! nowhere, in the most reckless flight, one borrowed beauty or blemish. Every thought, worthy or worthless, every line, comely or uncouth, is the peculiar property of the author; and for this cause alone we are prepared to forgive a multitude of imperfections.

His individuality has stamped both good and bad alike. We are not unmindful that the primitive condition in which these poems come to us tells as strongly against the book as it does for the author's genius. We do not commend his method of composition, but let him who reads the little volume before us say what American poet, before or since him, has breathed a purer air than Brainard at his best? Who among us—and the reader will instantly summon the shadow of a greater name—has drawn nearer than this to the heart of Nature?—

"The dead leaves strew the forest-walk,  
And withered are the pale wild-flowers;  
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,  
The dewdrops fall in frozen showers.  
Gone are the Spring's green-sprouting bowers,  
Gone Summers' rich and mantling vines,  
And Autumn, with her yellow hours,  
On hill and plain no longer shines.

"I learned a clear and wild-toned note,  
That rose and swelled from yonder tree—  
A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,  
There perched and raised her song for me.  
The Winter comes, and where is she?  
Away—where summer wings will rove,  
Where buds are fresh, and every tree  
Is vocal with the notes of love.

"Too mild the breath of Southern sky,  
Too fresh the flower that blushes there,  
The Northern breeze that rustles by  
Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair;  
No forest-tree stands stripped and bare,  
No stream beneath the ice is dead,  
No mountain-top, with sleety hair,  
Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

"Go there, with all the birds, and seek  
A happier clime with livelier flight;  
Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek,  
And leave me lonely with the night.  
I'll gaze upon the cold north-light,  
And mark where all its glories shone—  
See that it all is fair and bright,  
Feel that it all is cold and gone."

Here is the true melancholy of the North:

"The darkest cypress in the glade  
Lends to the wreath its solemn shade."

This poet remains within the confines of his own clime; and in vain we look for impassioned pictures of the South.

He sings with his face toward the land of snows:

"The moon stays longest for the hunter now;  
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe  
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store;  
While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along  
The bright-blue sky above him, and that bends  
Magnificently all the forest's pride,  
Or whispers through the evergreens and asks,  
'What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?'"

With those who recognize the truth that the tone, the atmosphere which genius breathes into and with which it surrounds a poem, constitutes the final test of its validity—with such Brainard cannot fail of appreciation.

The spirit of the man overlies all the scenes he brings before us, not to obscure but to soften them, as when one sees at a distance:

"I saw two clouds at morning  
Tinged with the rising sun;  
And in the dawn they floated on,  
And mingled into one:  
I thought that morning cloud was blest,  
It moved so sweetly to the west."

So peaceful is this cloud that we see the grin of a demon in Shelley's, as it says:

"I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain," etc.

The same quiet power pervades the lines beginning:

"There's beauty in the deep;  
The wave is bluer than the sky;  
And though the lights shine bright on high,  
More softly do the sea-gems glow  
That sparkle in the depths below."

But nowhere does the *dreamer* show more plainly than in his "Revery." The subject is most subtle, but how simply he puts it!—

"Yes, there are thoughts that have no sound—such thoughts

That no coined phrase of words can utter them—  
The tongue would syllable their shapes in vain—  
The cautious pen, even in a master's hand,  
Finds nothing at its point to mark them with.  
No earthly note can touch these airy chords;  
'Tis silent music—inexpressible.

We hear it when the ear is shut, and see  
Its beauties when the eye is closed in sleep;  
We feel it when the nerves are all at rest—  
When the heart stops, and the charmed soul throbs on.

These are not of our make—they come sometimes  
When the sad sleeper has forgot his woes,  
And given his agonies a while to rest.  
Through the still watches of the solemn night,  
They pace with fairy feet the labyrinths  
Of the brain's thousand cares, and lightly sweep  
Its pains away for many a startle hour."

Certainly Brainard, as well as Coleridge, followed his "fancy in *nubibus*."

He was Nature's confidant; and what mysteries she showed him she taught him to

<sup>1</sup> Continued from JOURNAL of February 12th.

express. She is his never-failing source, and gives him the first couplet in that purely personal poem, "The Maniac's Song:"

"Now I have lost my blooming health,  
And joy and hope no more abide;  
And wildering fancies come by stealth,  
Like moonlight on a shifting tide."

He is full of the sea, and we know that in spirit, at least, the poet has often stood upon the bleak New England coast—

"There, where through stormy clouds the struggling moon  
On some wolf-haunted rock shone cold and clear."

The sea-gull has been his mate:

"On the clefts of the wave-washed rocks I sit,  
Where ocean is roaring and raving night;  
On the howling tempest I scream and flit,  
With the storm in my wing, and the gale in my eye."

He calls that mythic monster, the sea-serpent, from his home in the deep:

"Welter upon the waters, mighty one,  
And stretch thee in the ocean's trough of brine;  
Turn thy wet scales up to the wind and sun,  
And toss the billow from thy flashing fin;  
Heave thy deep breathings to the ocean's din,  
And bound upon its ridges in thy pride."

The poet proceeds, Job-fashion, till the last line, when reader and all are suddenly precipitated:

"But go not to Nahant, lest men should swear  
You are a great deal bigger than you are."

The writer was somewhat amused to find, in a sober review of this sonnet, a criticism to the effect that the last line was rather *dragging* and *harsh* compared with those preceding. As is true of most melancholy men, Brainard was noted for his humor. It was of the pure, bubbling sort, the farthest removed from wit. This vein added much to his conversational powers; but, when he attempted to use it in writing, the result was a comparative failure.

His humorous poems are below the mark, though he occasionally makes a hit, as in "The Mocking-Bird:"

"It was a strange, wild note—that mocking-bird,  
I've heard him whistle to the passer-by,  
And scold like any parrot. Now his note  
Mounts to the play-ground of the lark—high up,  
Quite to the sky. And then again it falls  
As a lost star falls, down into the marsh,  
The veriest puddle—but it stops not thus:  
'Twill croak like any bull-frog, or 'twill squeal  
Like an old rat, caught tight in the toothed spring  
Of man's humane contrivance—and then,  
Rejoicing, mock the trap, and yell out 'Cheese!'  
So mock we all, and so we imitate  
The good a little, and the bad a deal;  
The notes of heaven, of earth, sometimes of hell,  
Are on our tongue-tips. Hear the little wretch,  
How he does sing, and scream, and mock us all."

No nook of Nature escapes the scrutiny of this humble singer, and the more minute he is the more does he charm us:

"No more will I love—for my lover is gone,  
At noonday the grasshopper sits by the stone,  
And at twilight the whippoorwill utters his moan  
Where deep in the wood he is buried."

The grave of "Leather-stocking," far in the wilds of the West, is as real as if we ourselves stood there:

"And there shall the dew shed its sweetness and lustre;  
There for his pall shall the oak-leaves be spread—  
The sweet-brier shall bloom, and the wild-grape  
shall cluster;  
And o'er him the leaves of the ivy be shed."

There shall they mix with the fern and the heather;  
There shall the young eagle shed its first feather;  
The wolves, with his wild dogs, shall lie there together,

And moan o'er the spot where the hunter is laid."

In the solemn and pathetic, Brainard was equally master of the situation. Little space remains for us, but we must quote one stanza of the lines on the death of Mr. Woodward, at Edinburgh:

"The sea has one, and Palestine has one,  
And Scotland has the last. The snooded maid  
Shall gaze in wonder on the stranger's stone,  
And wipe the dust off with her tartan plaid—  
And from the lonely tomb where thou art laid  
Turn to some other monument; nor know  
Whose loved and honored relics lie below;  
Whose is immortal joy, and whose is mortal woe."

The tribute to the memory of Commodore Perry is also an excellent specimen of elegiac verse. We cannot omit the following description of the burial of a beautiful boy at sea:

"They plunged him when the winds were up, and when

The sharks played round this floating home of men;  
When the strained timbers groaned in every wave,  
And the rough cordage screamed above his grave;  
Where the wild winds wove many a sailor's shroud  
Of darkness in the red-edged thunder-cloud;  
While in the dread black pauses of the storm  
The stunned ear heard his moan, the shut eye saw  
his form.

Had it been calm—had dolphins played in rings,  
And flying-fishes sunned their wetted wings;  
Had the sweet south but breathed to smooth the sea,  
And evening, for one hour, looked tranquilly;  
Or had some tomb-like iceberg floated on  
The spot, as the retiring sun went down,  
Or the black petrel on mid-ocean's surge  
Sung to the albatross the poor boy's dirge—  
We might have blest the far-off, long-lost spot  
Where to the deepest depths he sank and was forgot."

But it is through the quiet scenes belonging peculiarly to New England that the pure flow of the poet's soul shows brightest; there his music is native as the song of the birds in her forest. There the man, the poet, and the picture, are inseparable, and the rare unity finds its way directly to the heart. There, if he speak, the very face and form of the gentle bard appear before us; and we look with him upon the land he loves. We cannot begin to describe Brainard as he unconsciously depicts himself:

"'Tis hard to rhyme  
About a little and unnoticed stream  
That few have heard of—but it is a theme  
I chance to love."

\* This is the man; we cannot enlarge upon it. The poem we have chosen to lay as the last before the reader is of meekest origin, and such as we believe the author himself had selected for the situation:

"Our sweet, autumnal, western-scented wind  
Robs of its odors none so sweet a flower,  
In all the blooming waste it left behind,  
As that the sweet-brier yields it. And the shower  
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower  
One-half so lovely—yet it grows along  
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door.  
Such are the simple folk it dwells among;  
And, humble as the bud, so humble be the song."

"I love it, for it takes its untouched stand  
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate—  
Its sweetness all is of my native land,  
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate  
Among the perfumes which the rich and great  
Buy from the odors of the spicy East—  
You love your flowers and plants, and will you hate  
The little four-leaved rose that I love best,  
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest."

Such was Brainard. He has not left us a great deal, and what remains is not without grievous fault; but we may well be less grateful to many another. He had but six years for literary labor, and that amid situations which we are unable to appreciate. He died at thirty-two, and his death was sad and beautiful as his life. If he had been greater, perchance he had been less dear to us. As it is, he holds a unique place in our memory, and we rest assured that no training could have sharpened his native insight, or diminished the distinction so manifest in him between the fruit of inspiration and of toil. Let the tribute of Whittier be verified:

"Thou art sleeping calmly, Brainard—but the fame  
denied thee when  
Thy way was with the multitude, the living tide of  
men,  
Is burning o'er thy sepulchre—a holy light and  
strong,  
And gifted ones are kneeling there to breathe thy  
words of song—  
The beautiful and pure of soul—the lights of earth's  
cold bowers,  
Are twining on thy funeral-stone a coronal of flow-  
ers."

Of the dozen of poets born within the last fifteen years of the eighteenth century, we have remaining Allston, Pierpont, Sprague, Halleck, Percival, and Neal. Washington Allston, painter and poet, has left many a beautiful picture on paper and canvas. He was not a searcher into the passions of men, but Nature he knew in all her beauty. His easy, clear versification, prompted by a sensitive mechanism and a luxuriant fancy, makes him a delightful companion. He brings to us sensations peculiar to youth, and we walk once more in the sunlight of the happier days. We but remind the reader of this true artist, and leave him to verify our opinion by his own investigation of the volume before us.

Noble old John Pierpont is little read by the present generation; but among those familiar with his contemporaries he holds an honorable position. Such was the splendor of his spirit, the purity of his purpose, that he early found himself at once reformer and poet. He is not the most gifted of our own poets, but there is a serenity coupled with grace which never forsakes him, and in which he is unsurpassed among them. Sound in mind and heart, his writings are marked by correctness of diction in the expression of exalted feeling. He is ever his own master; and, keeping within the limit Nature set about him, he has left nothing of which his country need be ashamed, and much of which it may be proud. The effervescent, fleeting passions found no place in him; if he does not deal with the highest, he does with the healthful, and the pleasure he affords is permanent. There is an evenness running through all his efforts which bears constant testimony to his correctness of taste and judgment; and, though never intense, he is ever interesting. The spirit and the art of his poetry are well wedded, and the harmony of his numbers is one with the harmony of his soul. He was a great student of the Bible, and took much of his matter and spirit from the sacred writings. His chief poem, "Airs of Palestine," gathers most of its beau-

ties from this source. More commendation has been bestowed upon the domestic poems of Sprague than upon those of Pierpont. To us, the superiority of Sprague is not so manifest; and we cannot find purer paths in either "The Family Meeting" or "The Brothers" than in the familiar lines entitled "My Child:"

"When at the day's calm close,  
Before we seek repose,  
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,  
Whate'er I may be saying,  
I am, in spirit, praying,  
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!"

Devotion to home and country go together: hence this author's patriotic lyrics are the equal of his domestic pieces. We have space but for a few lines from "Airs of Palestine," which is, simply stated, an extended tribute to the power of music. The bard re-echoes the old truth:

"Who ne'er has felt her hand assuasive steal  
Along his heart—that heart will never feel."

With this text he proceeds through a splendid series of illustrations, drawing, as we have remarked, largely from Holy Writ:

"The night was moonless: Judah's shepherds kept  
Their starlight watch; their flocks around them slept—  
To heaven's blue field their wakeful eyes were turned,  
And to the fires that there eternal burned.  
Those airy regions had been peopled long  
With Fancy's children, by the sons of song:  
And there the simple shepherd, conning o'er  
His humble pittance of Chaldean lore,  
Saw, in the stillness of a starry night,  
The swan and eagle wing their silent flight;  
And, from their spangled pinions, as they flew,  
On Israel's vales of verdure shower the dew;  
Saw there the brilliant gems that nightly flare  
In the thin mist of Berenice's hair;  
And there Boötes roll his lucid wain  
On sparkling wheels along the ethereal plain."

Scenes alike hallowed and difficult of treatment, the poet manages with simplicity, gentleness, and grace. We quote the "Night on Olivet," recommending the poem entire to the reader unacquainted with its charms. We are unable to see why the admiration which this poem received on its first appearance should diminish at the present time:

"'Tis night again, for Music loves to steal  
Abroad at night, when all her subjects kneel  
In more profound devotion at her throne;  
And, at that sober hour, she'll sit alone  
Upon a bank, by her sequestered cell,  
And breathe her sorrows through her wreathed shell.  
Again 'tis night—the diamond lights on high  
Burn bright and dance harmonious through the sky,  
And Silence leads her downy-footed hours  
Round Zion's hill and Salem's holy towers,  
The Lord of Life with his few faithful friends,  
Drowned in mute sorrow, down that hill descends.  
They cross the stream that bathes its foot and dashes  
Around the tomb where sleep a monarch's ashes,  
And climb the steep where oft the midnight air  
Received the Sufferer's solitary prayer;  
There, in dark bowers embosomed, Jesus flings  
His hand celestial o'er prophetic strings;  
Displays his purple robe, his bosom gory,  
His crown of thorns, his cross, his future glory;  
And, while the group, each hallowed accent gleaming,  
On pilgrim's staff in pensive posture leaning—  
Their reverend beards, that sweep their bosoms, wet  
With the chill dew of shady Olivet—  
Wonder and weep, they pour the song of sorrow  
With their loved Lord whose death shall shroud the  
morrow.

Heavens! what a strain was that! those matchless tones

That ravish 'princedom, dominations, thrones,'  
That heard on high had hushed those peals of praise  
That seraphs swell, and harping angels raise,  
Soft as the wave from Siloa's fount that flows,  
Through the dear silence of the mountain rose.  
How sad the Saviour's song! how sweet! how holy!  
The last he sung on earth—how melancholy!  
Along the valley sweep the expiring notes;  
On Kedron's wave the melting music floats;  
From her blue arch the lamp of evening flings  
Her mellow lustre as the Saviour sings;  
The moon above, the wave beneath, is still,  
And light and music mingle on the hill."

Charles Sprague stands singly among his contemporaries as the man who knew equally well how to do business and to write poetry. Though engaged constantly in its affairs, he was not, like Halleck, a man of the world. His inclination was rather toward books and solitude, his daily duty apart from them; and we find in him the rare union of a banker and a poet. Indeed, the method which a business life imposed upon him seems rather to have aided him in the efforts of his leisure hours. He calculates as carefully when poet as he does when cashier. Everywhere are economy and regularity; no surplusage, simply the pure, clean truth he seeks to portray.

As a writer of his age, he is, for this reason, entitled to favorable consideration. The highest order of poetic genius has never been able to follow a like path; but this does not interfere with our previous proposition. There is a medium region of poetry, both intellectual and passionate, attainable by the man who is at home in the counting-room. We need no better illustration of this statement than the author under consideration. We shall discover little of the dreamer in such a one; but we may find a refinement of perception and a felicity of utterance only a step below him. Favorable as the comparisons have been between the intellectual poetry of Sprague and that of such writers as Pope, Johnson, and Gray, we believe that his merits sustain them. His odes and prologues deserve a far wider reading than they to-day command. They are boldly conceived and executed with becoming power. Who reads the "Shakespeare Ode" reads a production of true sublimity. Let him catch the first line—

"God of the glorious lyre!"—

and he will receive an intimation of splendor of thought and diction to follow, such as has not been surpassed among us.

So appropriate is the "Centennial Ode" at the present time that we make a selection from it:

"We call them savage. Oh, be just!  
Their outraged feelings scan;  
A voice comes forth—'tis from the dust—  
The savage was a man!  
Think ye he loved not? Who stood by,  
And in his toils took part?  
Woman was there to bless his eye—  
The savage had a heart!  
Think ye he prayed not? When on high  
He heard the thunders roll,  
What bade him look beyond the sky?—  
The savage had a soul!"

"I venerate the pilgrim's cause;  
Yet for the red-man dare to plead—  
We bow to Heaven's recorded laws;  
He turned to Nature for a creed.

Beneath the pillared dome,  
We seek our God in prayer:  
Through boundless woods he loved to roam,  
And the Great Spirit worshipped there.

"But one, one fellow-throb with us he felt;  
To one divinity with us he knelt;  
Freedom, the self-same freedom we adore,  
Bade him defend his violated shore.  
He saw the cloud ordained to grow,  
And burst upon his hills in woe;  
He saw his people withering by,  
Beneath the invader's evil eye;  
Strange feet were trampling on his father's bones;  
At midnight hour he woke to gaze  
Upon his happy cabin's blaze,  
And listen to his children's dying groans.  
He saw, and, maddened at the sight,  
Gave his bold bosom to the fight;  
To tiger-rage his soul was driven;  
Mercy was not—nor sought nor given;  
The pale man from his lands must fly;  
He would be free—or he would die."

The "Ode to Art," though a less extended composition than either mentioned, we regard as still nearer perfection. The last two stanzas reveal consummate skill. Man is thus described as he obeys the mandates of Art:

"He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,  
Admiring Beauty's lap to fill;  
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,  
And mocks his own Creator's skill.  
With thoughts that swell his glowing soul  
He bids the ore illumine the page,  
And, proudly scornful Time's control,  
Commences with an unborn age.  
"In fields of air he writes his name,  
And treads the chambers of the sky;  
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame  
That quivers round the throne on high.  
In war renowned, in peace sublime,  
He moves in greatness and in grace;  
His power, subduing space and time,  
Links realm to realm, and race to race."

In our opinion, the above is a more original composition than the "Shakespeare Ode;" and, while we recognize the tenderness of his domestic pieces, we had chosen to have been the author of "Art" and of "The Winged Worshipers" before any other two poems from the pen of this writer. The verses last mentioned were "addressed to two swallows that flew into Chauncey Place Church during divine service:"

"Gay, guiltless pair,  
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?  
Ye have no need of prayer,  
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

"Why perch ye here,  
Where mortals to their Maker bend?  
Can your pure spirits fear  
The God ye never could offend?"

"Ye never knew  
The crimes for which we come to weep;  
Penance is not for you,  
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

"To you 'tis given  
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays;  
Beneath the arch of heaven  
To chirp away a life of praise.

"Then spread each wing,  
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,  
And join the choirs that sing  
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

"Or, if ye stay  
To note the consecrated hour,  
Teach me the airy way,  
And let me try your envied power.

"Above the crowd,  
On upward wings could I but fly,  
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,  
And seek the stars that gem the sky.



"Twere heaven, indeed,  
Through fields of trackless light to soar,  
On Nature's charms to feed,  
And Nature's own great God adore."

Like Sprague, Fitz-Greene Halleck was a man of business; unlike Sprague, he was, too, a man of the world. He saw and heard all that the acutest observer of society could see and hear; and, having made his observations, could set them forth most admirably. Such a one, though he might fail to be a poet, could not fail to be popular. Everybody knows Halleck. To us, with all his delights, he is a disappointment. The effect he produces is that of one who writes from the outside and not from the in. He impresses us as if he had the knack rather than the art of the poet. He all but owns that he puts no confidence in his poetic powers, and at the most unexpected point treats them with mockery or indifference. Poetic moods he certainly has; but he soon grows ashamed of them, and delights in showing us how easily he can shake them off. With a smile he exclaims:

"The light that o'er my eye-beam flashed,  
The power that bore my spirit up  
Above this bank-note world—is gone."

After all, we like the man. His method of cheating is as agreeable as such conduct can be; he deceives us openly, and, rather than censure him, we often blame ourselves for being so stupid as to trust him. Halleck has made many happy hits. He has left a few genuine poems with which the reader is familiar. Any man is to be respected who could write such a poem as "Burns." Halleck had not only mind, but heart; and why, in the face and eyes of the truth, did he hesitate to own it? His expressions of grief are household words, and they are worthy of their place. The more the pity that we should ever be compelled to turn his own language against him, and ask the author of "Green be the Turf above Thee"—

"O Genius—powerful with thy praise or blame,  
When art thou feigning, when art thou sincere?"

No man can be a poet who does not reverence his calling. The truth is, Halleck was a skilled writer of a sort of half-and-half humorous and satiric verse, who now and then made a momentary leap up to the level of the poet. Does the reader remember his "Twilight?" He will read its opening, and the stanzas thereafter quoted from "Burns," which being done, he, and we too, will be tempted to question the verity of what we have been saying:

"There is an evening twilight of the heart,  
When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest,  
And the eye sees life's fairy-scenes depart,  
As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.  
'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret  
We gaze upon them as they melt away,  
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,  
But Hope is round us with her angel lay,  
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour;  
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their earthly power."

"And consecrated ground it is,  
The last, the hallowed home of one  
Who lives upon all memories,  
'Tis with the buried gone."

"Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,  
Shrines to no code or creed confined—

The Delphian vales, the Palestines,  
The Meccas of the mind.

"Sages, with wisdom's garland wreathed,  
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,  
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,  
The mightiest of the hour;

"And lowlier names, whose humble home  
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,  
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,  
From countries near and far;

"Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed  
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,  
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,  
My own green forest-land.

"All ask the cottage of his birth,  
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,  
And gather feelings not of earth,  
His fields and streams among."

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

### THREE APRIL BIRDS.

THE lengthening of the days, as the year slowly advances, brings with it increased longing for still balmier weather to every one whose pleasure is not bound within the narrow limits of the opera and *soirée*. To the lover of long rambles in the woods and meadows, or of lazy boating along some placid stream, where the water-lilies bow to let him pass and buoyantly rise in his wake, shaking the drops from their shining fronds, every indication of approaching spring is eagerly scanned and hailed with delight. The slow decay of the ice in the ponds, the vivid green of the aquatic plants disclosed by its melting, the delicate herbage hiding under the sodden leaves, the gummy and bursting buds, all presage the charms of reviving Nature. Then the sounds awake. The frogs bid each other good-morning after their long sleep; the lowing of calves and the bleating of lambs resound from the hillsides; the tender warble of the bluebird, the cheery call of the robin, and the gurgle of swollen brooks, mingle in our ears as we pick our way along the muddy paths; until, some bright April morning, we discover that surly Winter is over, and coy Spring is shyly waiting for us to bid her welcome.

In this company of the heralds of this admirable change of the seasons, none bear a better part than the birds, whose wings bear beauty and song. Three of these messengers—the bluebird, the wren, and the turtle-dove—are especially birds of April, and to them I ask the attention of my readers for a little while.

Among the very first to arrive are the familiar bluebirds. Indeed, they may be occasionally found all winter long in sunny fields. By All Fools' Day they have become common, and are seeking their mates, which are soon found. Meanwhile, from every field, and about the yet desolate gardens, is heard the bluebird's cheery voice. It is a happy, contented warble, and, though no great credit be long to the singer as a musician, his tender melody is among the most delightful of vernal sounds. There is a ubiquity or ventriloquistic peculiarity about this song—whether due to its quality or to the capricious breeze upon which it is usually borne,

I do not know—which tends to make its source indefinite. You may hear the notes on a bright March morning, but cannot find their pretty author. He denies your eyes the welcome sight of him, until at last you give up the search only to find him close behind you. This unintended ventriloquism may be in his favor, but his azure plumage is very conspicuous as he stands on a tall fence-rider with the woods for a background, or reconnoitres the entrance to an old woodpecker's hole in some white cottonwood, and many bluebirds are killed by the small hawks. Thoreau said that he carried the sky on his back, to which John Burroughs added, "and the earth on his breast." This describes him perfectly.

The bluebird is not ambitious in his flight, never emulating the lofty journeys of the pointed-winged birds, and is rarely seen sixty feet above the surface. He loiters about the outskirts of the woods, flitting from stump to stump; delights in a tract of newly-cleared land; and looks no farther when he discovers, not far from the farmhouse, a group of charred and towering trunks, monuments of a long-passed fire in the forest. Next to that he loves an aged orchard. In both places the attraction is mainly the grubs, worms, and insects that infest dead and decaying woods, and upon which he feeds. To such a place he leads his mate, easily to be distinguished by her duller plumage. Together they go house-hunting. It is not long usually before they are suited, for the woodpeckers have been there years before them chiseling out many holes for themselves, which are now left vacant; or the snapping off of some old limb has opened the way to a snug cavity in its hollow interior. Any kind of a cranny seems to serve in a pinch. I have known them to build in a broken tin water-spout under the eaves of a house, although, no doubt, the birds exercise a decided choice when they can. The settlement determined upon, the furnishing of it does not require much labor or contrivance. The birds bring enough of a peculiar kind of soft grass which turns reddish-brown when it dries, sometimes mix with it a little hair, and thus thickly carpet the bottom of the cavity. That is all. The eggs are laid by the second week in April, and the young are hatched about ten days after. The eggs are five in number, and are light-blue, without spots. Once, in Northern Ohio, I found a nestful of pearly-white eggs, and one other similar case has come to my knowledge. They were just as well worth sitting on, however, as five blue eggs would have been.

The bluebird is also a true bird of the garden, taking the place of England's robin-redbreast more nearly than any other bird in America. It is no trouble to have them twittering about the house the whole summer through. The negroes at the South always have an abundance of different birds about their cabins by simply hanging up empty gourds; and a cigar-box with a hole in it is all-sufficient. But you must not be disappointed if the house-wrens utterly dispossess the bluebirds of the houses you have put up, for the wrens are regular buccaneers,

with no more heart or conscience than a walnut.

This same house-wren is so well known that I need only allude to him; and any further description than to say that he is the wee brown bird, about as large as your thumb, which frequents the garden bird-boxes and the barn, is unnecessary. He comes early and stays late. He makes himself at home immediately, and is everywhere present, bustling about outhouses and barns, rapidly building his nest in the most insecure and unfrequented places, like the sleeve of an old coat left in the barn or a lantern hung against the woodshed; and, if it is repeatedly pulled down, as often rebuilding it, literally "pitching into" other wrens, and bluebirds, and swallows, whom he considers trespassers on his right to the whole garden, and fighting so audaciously and persistently as always to come off victor; squeaking in and out of every crevice, with his comical tail at half-cock; inquiring into every other living thing's business, yet not neglecting his own, this little bobbing bunch of brown excitement is the very spirit of impudence.

The wren does not confine himself altogether to the garden, however. You may find him everywhere in the woods, and few species are equal to this in the number of individuals. An old stump that is too soft for the woodpeckers, or the hollow, broken limb of a tree that the winds have demolished, is his chosen home. Into a crevice somewhere he stuffs a large quantity of twigs, some of them of astonishing size when we think how small a bird handles them. In the centre of this mass is a soft chamber, wherein six or seven brick-dust-colored eggs are hatched late in May. It is a nest which justifies his generic name, *Troglodyte*.

There is one component of the nest which is also used by the vireos and gnat-catchers—namely, round pellets of a white, cottony substance, the nature of which I was puzzled to determine. At last I caught the birds collecting it, and found it to be a minute fungus which covers dead twigs here and there with a living velvet of snowy white. It is elastic and somewhat viscous, and with gossamer serves an obvious purpose in such a nest as the vireo's; but why the wrens scatter it through their brush-pile is not so clear.

One of my pleasantest memories is of a sparkling April morning in 1874, at Scott's Landing, a little railway-junction on the Ohio River. It was bright and cold, and the wheezy steamboats passing up and down the river trailed, from their tall and slender stacks, great golden banners athwart the rising sun. The birds were up betimes. Crows from far and near were gathering to breakfast at the banks of the river, as is their custom at seasons of high-water. The crow-blackbirds—a redundancy of title—were moving in small flocks about some newly-ploughed ground, smacking their horny lips at one another over some luscious, luckless grub; and the military redwings were *conkwering* in high glee over rapidly conquering their hunger. Cardinals were the natural bird-feature there, and their bold whistling resounded from every hillside. Out of the orchard came the sharp squeak of a black-

and-white creeper, the noisy chatter of chip-ping-sparrows, and the *dee-dee-dee* of the miniature Southern chickadees. One tree was the haunt of a single robin—*rara avis* in that locality—and he sang loud and long, not minding his loneliness. Bluebirds were not plenty, but a pair of them, and perhaps two families, inhabited an old cherry-tree so close to the railway-track that the tops of the passing cars pushed aside the boughs. I have noticed so many nests of birds built in close proximity to railways that I have sometimes thought the builders exercised a preference for the situation, as making them safer from the attacks of hawks.

Not an uncommon bird, hopping down between the rails to pick up the grain dropped from the freight-trains, was the turtle-dove, which was an old acquaintance of mine in the West, but which is rare in New England. They were very wary, uttered no note, and came with the silence of ghosts. If I only stirred when they were near, whir! away went my doves, straight and swift as an arrow, spreading their white-edged tails.

A portion of the following summer I spent on the Little Kanawha, and many a day was I entertained by the notes of the turtle-dove floating down from a hilltop as I threaded my way through the woods. Among the most common of birds in West Virginia, the people yet regarded it with affection, and made as great a disturbance if one was shot as they would at the shooting of a house-pigeon. They were jealous of the few purple martins they had in the same degree. Why it is called the turtle-dove I do not know. Probably because of its kinship with the turtle-dove of Europe; but this only puts the difficulty one step farther back. Its other name—mourning-dove—is more characteristic, for its song—if it may be called such—is a sobbing refrain, that, tolling from afar, recalls the echoing of a distant church-bell—

"Swinging slow with sullen roar."

Fortunately, the dove does not sing at night, or some nervous people would grow wild. If it did, it would take character as a banshee, and become a bird of evil omen. On the contrary, its coming in early spring is now welcomed as one of the first signs of the sure advance of the season, and its mournful note is only a mirror-tone, mingling harmoniously with the livelier notes of other denizens of the woods. The mourning-doves pair very early, and are as affectionate in their attachments as are most of the doves and pigeons, whose "billings and cooings" have become exaggerated into a proverb to express the first enthusiasm of young love. Their nest is an indifferent affair, but perhaps its very scantiness may serve to benefit its owners by making it less conspicuous among the almost leafless branches, where it is likely to be placed early in the season. The nest is not by any means always put in a tree, although a snug thorn-apple offers temptations that few doves can resist; but it may be put on the flat top of a stump, on the protruding end of a fence-rail, or the eggs may sometimes be laid on the ruins of a last year's nest, as in a case I once noticed where three dove's eggs were laid in

an old cat-bird's nest, around the ruins of which the snow was yet unmelted. On the plains, these birds scratch a few grass-stalks together on the ground, for want of a better place. It is not to be wondered at that the pigeons have been easily domesticated, when they accommodate themselves so readily to any exigency in bearing their young. However placed, the nest is a slight platform of twigs, just sufficient to hold the two or three eggs; or, if the top of a stump be chosen as the site, it is not uncommon to find simply a little rim, like a tinker's dam, built around the eggs, which rest on the bare surface of the stump.

All three of the characteristic April birds I have been talking about remain with us during the summer, raising two or three broods, and, upon the coming of the cold rains and sweeping winds of October, betake themselves to the sunny South.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A CIRCUIT-RIDER.

### I.—THE CALL.

"THE dear man whom we had last among us to dispense with the Gospel," said Mrs. Partington, upon one occasion, "has served his church in several capacities—first as a locust preacher, then as a circus-rider, and last of all as an exhaust-er."

It was in the second of these miscalled categories that two young men in a certain theological seminary were placed quite unexpectedly. Their career was not so long and so varied as was that of the circuit-rider of Edward Eggleston's story, but it had a good deal of snap to it, after all.

"WANTED—Two young men to do missionary work during the summer vacation; field of labor, the State of Iowa. Expenses paid, but no salary given. One of the brethren, however, may have a horse and buggy. Answer soon."

This was the way the invitation was read out to a class in one of our Eastern seminaries, and after it had been so read twice there was a silence. It was evident the entire class would not go in a body; it was, moreover, evident the young seminarians did not hanker after this work on the prairies, or the illusive mirage of the missionary horse and buggy. "How old art thou?" was the question each one inwardly asked himself when the subject of the horse was temptingly held out as bait to fascinate the shy and cautious students. "We took up our carriages and went to Jerusalem," was suggested as a good text for the sermon after the first ride and first breakdown in the rickety buggy on whose thin seats the successors of the apostles had planted themselves, and against whose trembling dasher their beautiful and apostolic feet had been placed.

The members of the class did not all speak out at once. Some were going back to their farms; some were going back to their fathers' merchandise. In the words of the college-song, some—

"Would go to Greece or Hartford,  
Some to Norwich or to Rome,  
Some to Greenland's icy mountains,  
More perhaps would stay at home."

At last two young brethren spoke up and said: "Well, we will go." Every one looked at them. They were the last ones the professor and the pious students thought would offer to go upon a missionary journey. They had just returned from a year's trip in Europe, and were rather cosmopolitan in their ways, and a trifle worldly. One of them was a terrible doubter, and took his theology as some children take the whooping-cough, with a great whoop, and ado, and spluttering. He believed the fewest and simplest things possible, and even these, when they would be settled for him at night, were an open question again in the morning.

His favorite idea of the ministry was that it would be a great comfort on one's death-bed to feel sure that one had done no great harm through preaching.

This was his negative kind of joy. There was nothing hopeful or positive about it. The other brother took things very easily and lightly. He looked on humanity at its best and brightest, and found it very hard to condemn heretics when they were hearty, pleasant fellows. "The Almighty will think twice before he damns such an elegant gentleman as M——," said the witty Madame de Maintenon.

To this sentiment this easy-going young theologian could readily respond. The sickly flag of dyspepsia never waved its folds over his articles of belief. It was "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" all day with him as he enjoyed himself over the comforts of his roast-beef theology.

Therefore it came to pass that, when these two unlooked-for brothers spoke up in the class-room and said, "We will go," everybody was surprised.

"Love of travel?" suggested the professor.

"Fine opportunity to see the West, you know," remarked an envious classmate, who was sorry he hadn't spoken up sooner.

"I doubt whether these two heretics will be accepted out there in the bushes," said a third.

"Don't pass off your scaly views as an exponent of — Seminary's way of thinking," remarked a fourth.

And thus it happened that the very morning after the degree of A. M. had been given to the candidates of three years' standing at the university, these men who were lately collegians, and had just returned from a long and luxurious tour through Europe, found themselves, on a fine June morning, going over the horseshoe bend of the Alleghenies, to be missionaries for the space of three months, until the fall opening of the seminary.

## II.—THE JOURNEY.

"WELL, Joseph, this seems kind of natural, and yet kind of strange, this journeying over mountains together," said the easy brother, whom we shall call Friar William. "Here we are going to be missionaries in regions far beyond these mountains. It seems just as if we were going over the Semmering Alps in order to have a good time in Italy."

"I hope they won't find us out," answered Joseph; "I do hope they won't report us to the trustees of — Seminary, for what can a fellow do who wants to work, and yet sees doubts before him all the time, like the black puppy Faust saw whenever he was in company with Mephistopheles?"

"Spirits up, Brother Joseph," said the friar; "this trip is going to knock the nonsense out of us both—it's just like throwing dogs into the river to teach them to swim. There's a queer kind of shock at first, but the coming to land and the run-round and final shake-off must be very fine—it establishes such a fine precedent, and is so reminiscent."

"Yes, old fellow; but suppose we teach heresy out there, and get things mixed up with Spiritualists, and Universalists, and all that outside crowd, what are we to do?"

"Oh, now, Joseph, you're doubting," answered the friar; "it must be near dinner-time, for I remember in Europe you always doubted most on an empty stomach, and, therefore, you are sure never to become a priest, for the early mass, with its necessary fasting, would make you deny everything except the fact that you were hungry; so think of your mercies, for you are saved at last from the power of the Vatican."

Pittsburg is not much to see as you pass through it, and get a sloppy meal at the big restaurant there. Then there is not very much to see over the plains of Indiana, at least by the Pittsburg & Fort Wayne road. The great expectancy, after all, is Chicago, which stands out very finely against the deep blue of the lake, as it sometimes looks when the sun and the sky and the wind are in the right conditions.

At Chicago Brother Joseph had some relatives, and hence these embryo missionaries were very kindly taken from their rooms at the Sherman House. But they little knew into what temptations they were falling when they sat around the festal board of these new-made friends.

"It is Saturday night now; we will all go and see the 'Black Crook!'" said one cousin.

Brother Joseph had a headache, and said, moreover, it would not do. No! no! they were missionaries and couldn't go to such places.

To all of which the friar consented, trying to look like the pictures of Dr. Judson or Henry Martyn, but succeeding only in making an expression of countenance indicating that he smelled something unpleasant.

"How hot it has been to-day!" said another cousin; "you must take some whisky to keep you cool."

But the missionaries bravely declined, and got off nicely with a smoke.

"Now, then," said the head of the house, "poker, and high, low, jack this evening, for those who don't go to the theatre, and we'll turn the pool over to the missionaries, win or lose."

And again Brother Joseph and Friar William reminded them of their calling, and got off at last for an evening stroll along Wash Avenue.

July 1st, Monday morning, thermometer 98°, saw the missionaries on the Northwestern Railroad hurrying across the plains of Illinois amid smoke and dust. According to their old European custom the former tourists and present missionaries began to hunt about for items to put down in their diaries. Brother Joseph began as follows:

"July 1st.—Three peculiar-looking women in the seat in front of me—probably Mormons."

"That will never do," said the friar; "the board may want to read or publish your journal after the manner of 'Carey's Biography,' and what kind of an entry would that be for your first day of missionary life? Here's what I've got; it's much more proper:

"July 1st.—Riding on the Northwestern Railroad. Old man sitting next to me was a cavalryman during the Black Hawk War. Interesting account of that Indian warfare; gave some personal recollections of Abraham Lincoln. Blessed day for the country when no more war. Influence of example, e. g., Abraham Lincoln: illustration for subject of predestination: lived through Black Hawk War to be shot in days of peace. Ditto, second illustration for comparative statement of crime: Indian, uncivilized, scalps; assassin, civilized, shoots. Theol. problem whether any merit *de congruo* exists for savage races versus civilized criminals. See Shedd's 'Christian Theology,' article 'Calvin's Anthropology.'

"Now, that's the way to make your entries," added the friar; "don't put down the first idea you get, and that an idea about Mormon women. It won't look well in your published journal; besides you must begin now to lay up some stores of illustration for your sermons."

Hereupon Brother Joseph at once fell into a gloomy, morbid state of doubt as to his fitness for ministerial labor of any kind, which pervading gloominess was increased by what Richter calls "the blank and ghastly negative" of a dinner, in which the meat was as leather and the beans like unto pebbles. That night saw the missionaries dragging their shawls, bundles, and valises, on to the ferry-boat from Dunleth to Dubuque, face to face with the famous Mississippi at last.

"Isn't it hot out here, and isn't this Mississippi River a fraud?" said the brother. "It's so muddy and snaggy; I hate it already."

"A year ago we were on the Rhine," replied the friar, and now we can sing—

'When Lord to this our Western land.'

Don't you remember the poor woman in your mission prayer-meeting who asked you to give out that hymn—it was so religious and so much like General Washington?"

"July 2d.—Dubuque. Bluffy; flat-boats; feelings of the Jesuit missionaries on arriving at the headwaters of the Mississippi; erroneous system of the Jesuits as contrasted with the correct system of the — Missionary Board; feelings of the nineteenth-century missionaries on ditto occasion; effect of free institutions; De Soto probably a drunk-en bigot; Brother Joseph a sober and enlightened preacher; ditto, Friar William."

This was the entry made in the latter



brother's diary as the steamer Key City left the pier at Dubuque, a city well placed on a hill and bluff, which, to the friar's mind, intent upon missionary illustrations, would have been a fine place three centuries ago down which to be rolled in spiked barrels, had he happened to live at that unhappy time.

"My gracious me!" he added, as he filled up his pipe, and vainly tempted Joseph, who was fast becoming bilious, to join him in a smoke, "they would have hooped up you and your doubts by some rough-and-ready cooping in pretty quick time. There's something to be thankful for, now, I tell you, brother."

"Mississippi boats—poor things after all they've been cracked up to be. Key City, shabby genteel, looks like the latter half of a misspent life—will probably end up in some large junk-shop." Such was Joseph's entry in his journal, and he wasn't very far astray that time.

Jim Bludso on the Prairie Belle, according to John Hay, had a "nigger on the safety-valve," to be sure, to have it constantly inspected and in good working order.

But there was nothing like this upon the Key City—though these missionaries, very hot and a trifle homesick, amused themselves watching the colored fireman lighting up the gangways with flaring rosin-torches as they took on and off the different cargoes on the route.

McGregor was the stopping-place for these Gospel adventurers, and there they bade farewell to the Father of Waters, and took a train for an inland town named Cresco. These towns grow up with marvelous rapidity along the line of the railroads, and are very often taken down and moved from point to point, according as the funds last whereby to push on the road. This special train spent about an hour in chasing a herd of cattle over the sleepers, as there was a swamp on either side of the track, and the lumbering cows preferred to run heavily in advance of the engine.

"How many cows do you kill a week?" inquired Brother Joseph.

"About sixteen," answered the baggage-master; "and they're sent down to the 'mangled-beef' shop, and done into jerked steaks."

This was a vivid anticipation of their commissariat department, which, with the apostolic statement that they should eat such things as were set before them, made these young brethren pause and meditate.

"A little different from the *table-d'hôte* at the Grand Hôtel, Paris," suggested Friar William.

"Yes; but don't be everlastingly comparing our trip here with—"

"Now, Joseph, you're mad again. Remember—"

'Your little hands were never made  
To tear each other's eyes.'

Won't you smoke?"

"No," said Joseph, shortly and to the point; and they looked out of the baggage-car door, with their feet upon a box, for an hour, and said nothing.

### III.—THE WAYS OF THE CIRCUIT-RIDER.

"THIS is Parson Jambeau's," said the driver of an exceedingly long and thin wagon, which looked like that terrible insect known as the devil's darning-needle hung upon four wheels.

The wheels themselves, as if they were afraid of the body, or had experienced a falling out by the way, kept as far off as possible from the main portion of the vehicle. The freedom of the coming Fourth of July seemed to touch everything in this Western town with its independent spirit. The wheels were independent of the wagon; the horses traveled as far apart from each other as though one of them had come from Charleston Harbor and the other from Boston Bay, with the dividing pole for Mason and Dixon's line. The very houses stood off with a sentinel-like effect, as though each one of them guarded some State-sovereignty principle.

Here, then, the old veteran missionary, who had served his days in the foreign service in Africa, and was now a home-missionary on the domestic board, met the two fledglings at his garden-gate and took them into his little cabin. It was very hot, and the young brethren were tired, and the next day was the Fourth, and it was soon settled that they would wait over, and then go to their new fields of labor the day afterward. So the wife and the children were met and introduced, and Brother Joseph and the friar drew lots as to which one should remain with the missionary's family, and which one should sleep at a neighbor's, where there were nine children down with the whooping-cough. The lot of the boarder-out fell to Friar William, and he dreamed he was in a menagerie all night long.

The Fourth was very hot and very "glorious" in that Western town. Wagon-loads of red-haired, freckled-faced girls and perspiring young men in linen dusters came into the grove—or "high place," as the Israelites would have called it—and celebrated in the true American way. That afternoon, after assisting Parson Jambeau's little children to fire off their crackers, the old missionary, to whom our young heroes were assigned, looked over the map with his two assistants, and showed them the lay of the land, and gave them their final directions for the morrow, when they were to separate.

Then came the solemn work of drawing lots about the fields. On the one hand was a large town, with civilization and comforts and a kind of definite parish work; on the other hand were two counties of prairie-land, with little hamlets grouped together in spots, and the long-expected missionary-horse "Sam"—or, as the friar called him, "Psalmist"—and the rickety buggy.

Out came the hat, in went the lots, around went the hands shuffling about, and the fates settled it: Joseph goes to the civilized quarter, and William takes the steed of twenty summers and goes to the rougher Gentiles.

Thus on the morrow they parted. Brother Joseph took the stage and went to his quiet, orderly town, and paid his boarding-house bills regularly, and got on well with

his landlady, and had his linen washed and his shoes polished, and read his newspaper every morning, just as he had always done on every former vacation; and in three months' time was as fat as a young seal, and was almost ready to get married and settle down.

The other brother—"the circuit-rider"—packed his bags under the seat, kissed the children good-by, got out his map, cracked his whip over the Psalmist's back, waved a good-by to the nine little whooping-coughs, and was off at last on his fifty-mile drive across the prairie to the Cedar Valley regions.

The first feeling he had was that it was a great pity he had no gun to stop the prairie-chickens who buzzed so frequently out of the thickets of tall grass.

The next distinct sensation he felt was that it seemed very much like being at sea—no house or tree being within sight, and the white-canvas top of a wagon in the distance looking very like a schooner's sail in the offing.

The third distinct sensation was an undefined fear that he might miss the road, and, after going over the grass for a long while in a circle, might find himself back at Parson Jambeau's.

The fourth feeling was an overpowering sense of loneliness mixed with faintness, for by this time it was one o'clock. So Sam came to a halt by a creek with some dwarf willow-trees, and the lunch-basket came out, and the oat-bag, and then Friar William, feeling pretty solemn, began a fine series of wonderings. He wondered if there were any roughs on that route, and, if so, what on earth they would take him to be.

He wondered if it wasn't just in some such place as this that Eugene Aram murdered his victim. It was a pity he had just been reading Bulwer's story and Hood's poem.

He wondered what he should do in case he didn't get to — at night, where there was a rough Western hotel. He wondered how he was going to stand this kind of life, or whether he would get sick, and never go East again.

However, two o'clock put a stop to these wonderings, and, after a steady pull of four hours, in which he passed a fleet of white sails, which seemed like literal ships of the desert, he alighted at the Brownville "Rising Sun" Hotel, and the circuit-rider's first day was completed.

Sam went round to the stable, and made himself ready for his oats. The friar walked up the steps of the piazza in the presence of a collection of rough-looking drovers, and was met by the gentlemanly proprietor of the hotel, whereupon the following conversation ensued:

"Have you come out to drive cattill?"

"No, sir."

"Traveling for any house?"

"No."

"Looking out after land?"

"No."

"Out for a lark—shooting on the praries, you know?"

"No, sir."

"Going up into Minnesoty a-lumberin'?"

"No."

"Well, then, stranger, what in thunder air you out here for? What in the d— are you up to?"

"Well, my friend," replied the friar to the searching looks with which he was raked by eight pair of suspicious-looking eyes, "I am out here for a definite purpose. Come, now, I'll give you one more guess, and then, if you can't guess it, you'll have to give it up."

"Wal, now," said the host, once more measuring his guest, and making a final and rapidly decisive mental inventory of his general get-up, "stranger, it appears to me you air one of two things: either you air a strollin' preacher, or else you air a *Chicago bummer*!"

That evening the missionary put down some notes in his journal, of which the following is an extract:

"July 5th.—Taken by a hotel-keeper for a Chicago bummer, or else a strolling preacher. Why this strange alternative? Extremes meet: Hotel-keeper probably thought me either very innocent, or else trying to appear so; hence these typical categories so far apart and yet so near—preachers and bummers. Subject for sermon on the field for hypocrisy afforded by the ministry. See illustrations: Dickens—Chadband and Stiggins. Text: 'Beware of wolves in sheep's clothing, inwardly ravening wolves,' etc."

The proprietor of the Rising Sun wanted the circuit-rider to sleep with a certain judge who was present, with a white vest and yellow linen coat, but the missionary demurred to such an extent that another room was provided. After he had retired he was waked up again and informed that five strangers had come, who must share his room.

"Never!" shouted out the furious friar; "take them to the hay-mow, or I will be off this night, and will advertise your wretched hotel in every paper in the State." Had he been a very wicked man and not an embryo missionary, he would have followed up this answer with a strong, round oath, but he was too good and too sleepy to say more. And thus the first night rolled itself away into the morning. After leaving the hotel, the judge, having had his farewell "nip" with the proprietor, overtook the missionary, whereupon, in their walks and standstills, they had a sprawling conversation, like the characters in "Pilgrim's Progress," who walk and talk together alike through heavy reasoning and through stony, hilly ground.

"Oh," said the judge, alluding to the circuit-rider's description of his nocturnal adventure, "that ain't nothin' out of the way. Did you ever hear the story of Old Bit Crooks when he strayed with the squire down to the Rising Sun?"

Friar William never had heard of it, and was not acquainted with "Bit Crooks."

"Wal," said the judge, "you see 'Old Bit' he was the agent for the Iowa Land Company, and he had to go travelin' through these parts, and then go East to meet the company and settle up his accounts. One night Old Bit he turned up at the squire's, dead tired out. 'Put me in bed,' says he, 'or I'll die!'

"'Ain't got no bed,' said the squire; 'five agents of the Minnesoty Land Purchasing Company just arrived, and I've given them my room.'

"'Can't help it,' says Bit; 'I tell you I'll die if you don't let me have some sleep; they've gone out; put me in there till they come home.'

"So the squire gave him some supper, and Bit turned in. The old fellow no sooner got in that room, with them rival Minnesoty fellows' duds lyin' all around, than he began to barricade the door. First he brought the bureau and stood it against the door; then he hauled round the bed, and wedged the wash-stand and trunks in so as to make one strong brace out of the furniture clear across the room. After this he turned in and went sound to sleep. About ten o'clock the Minnesoty chaps came back and tried their door, but couldn't get in.

"'What in the dickens is up now?' said Colonel Dodge. 'Who's in our room?'

"Then the squire came round and begged Old Bit to get out.

"'Can't do it,' roared Bit.

"'You must,' said the colonel.

"'No, I won't,' bawled Crooks.

"'You must get some other place now; I'm most dead.'

"'I'll break every panel through with my bowie-knife,' shouted the colonel.

"'Very well,' said Bit; 'the moment your bowie-knife comes through I'll let fire my seven-barreled revolver.'

"'Oh, don't, don't, gentlemen,' said the squire; 'I can't have a murder here; for Heaven's sake, stop this, or you'll ruin my house.—Here, colonel, turn into the parlor.'

"So the colonel gave it up, and they slept in the parlor that night, and Bit Crooks snored away until eight o'clock. The next morning they all turned up at breakfast. Bit had a squeaky voice, and there was no disguising himself.

"'So you are the individual who was going to blow my brains out last night with your seven-barreled revolver?' said the colonel, addressing the 'other agent as he was dissecting his beefsteak.

"'And you are the fellow who was going to open the panels with your bowie-knife, are you?' said Bit.

"'Yes,' said the colonel, 'and how did you feel then?'

"'Never was so scared in my life,' said Bit. 'I was shaking all over, for you see I hadn't the ghost of a pistol!'

"'Well,' laughed the colonel, 'you couldn't have been more frightened than I was, for I hadn't the sign of a bowie-knife!'

Twenty-five miles more of lonely riding that day brought the young circuit-rider to his final destination in the sprawling little town of —, on a fork of the Cedar River. It was a Friday afternoon, about six o'clock, when the missionary establishment stopped before the swinging sign-board of the Mitchell County "Mansion House." How different these comfortable American hotels from "the commercial travelers'" inns, the "Green Dragon" of Chester, or the "George and Fountain" of Canterbury, in old England! But perhaps these same cozy English hotels

were different places at the period of the Danes, when Hengist and Horsa did for England in a very rough way what our Western pioneers have done for us in the way of clearing the ground and making a beginning.

Sam went around to the stable with that blessed equine composure which rejoices in the fact of hay and oats, and is regardless of minor surroundings.

Friar William presented the landlord with a letter from the old patriarch Jambeau, and, after pulling violently at the stump-end of a vile cigar, which smelt as rank as the wrapper portion of tobacco whose primary use is the preservation of woolen clothing from moths, the "gentlemanly proprietor" remarked:

"So you're the missionary, air you?"

The patient circuit-rider owned the appellation, and then asked for a room.

"Mary Jane!" shouted the host, "show this here feller up-stairs to the room over the bar."

So Mary Jane, with her sleeves rolled up, and a frowsy head of *Canandaigua* hair (this is a Mrs. Jarley's waxwork joke, and means "something beyond *Auburn*"), took the "feller" up-stairs, and, having slammed in his bag and slammed-to the door, departed. Hereupon Friar William surveyed his quarters, and, with a raging headache and an empty stomach, began to take in the situation.

First, there was a bedstead which was much too large for the bed. A wide space or borderland, showing the gridiron-like slats underneath, bounded the mattress on all the four sides of the parallelogram.

Then there were one chair and a chest of drawers covered with candle-grease, the remains of some tooth-comb, matches, and a tablecloth formed of the *Iowa Democrat*, a smeary, brittle, strawy newspaper, which tore with a noise like muslin.

After these, he observed a small, black wash-stand, with the conventional opening in it for the basin, but with no basin whatever. There were two windows, which were shielded by green shades, with monstrous yellow tassels, and a profuse display of yellow flowers stamped upon them. Under the stove-pipe hole in the wall was a mystical chart of masonic meaning, with an all-seeing eye looking down upon trowels and compasses, and a ladder, with General Washington, begirt with an apron, spreading out his hands at its base. Over the bed was a print of General Harrison, with yellow pantaloons and a blue coat, at the battle of Tippecanoe. An orderly row of infantry, moving with their legs in the perfect harmony of Assyrian sculptures, as represented in Layard's "Nineveh," or George Smith's later discoveries, was immediately behind the general, while the terrified enemy were fleeing in every direction. The hero of the battle was smiling blandly, and was gently waving his feathered hat in the direction of the foe. Between the windows there was one picture more of the same order. A severe yellow frame shut in "The Lover's Vow." A red-checked man, with white vest and black coat, and a large, yellow chain and seal, was placing a huge ring upon

the very pink hand of a red-faced girl, with a tight-fitting green dress of an ancient pattern, being made very full and stuffy at the shoulders, and very narrow at the wrists. They were standing by a window, through which could be seen a brisk and active fountain jumping up as high as it was possible to jump, a row of stiff, tall poplar-trees, and a full-orbed moon of the largest kind and description.

Having taken all this in, and having scratched his head as he sat upon the one chair in his apartment, the missionary went out into the hall and called the proprietor.

"May I have some water, sir?" said he.

"Lor', yes; take a plenty; just go down to the pump and help yourself to the bucket-ful."

"Good Heavens!" said the missionary to himself, "has it come to this at last, and are all those hard stories about Western life, after all, true?"

When he returned to his room he was not edified by the conversation which he heard in the bar-room below. It was not such as was calculated to inspire or reassure him in the lonely, dismal feelings of that hour. There was a hole in the floor through which, in winter time, the stove-pipe came up into the upper room, and, like a river branching out into a lake, which then goes on its way as a river again, this pipe arrangement branched out into a drum, and then went on as pipe again, and ended in the chimney over the masonic chart already described. But now, as it was summer, and there was only a hole in the floor, the missionary from the upper world of purity looked down upon the lower world of sinners in the bar-room. This he could do by simply pulling out a tin stopper, which looked like a truncated beaver hat.

Some half-dozen long-bearded Westerners were laughing, and talking, and smoking their greasy-looking pipes, so that the rank perfume of their cabbage-tobacco came up to the overlooking missionary like the fumes of the nethermost pit.

"I say, captain!" roared out one of the gang, "did you see the missionary who has been sent out to convert us fellows? He's about fifteen years old! He took his duds up-stairs and asked for things just like they do in the city hotels!"

"I expected to see his nurse get out after him," said another big, brawny fellow. "Why, he's a smooth-faced boy; what on earth did they send that chap out here for? Does he think he's goin' to open an infant-school out on these prairies? What a set of fools them preachers are!"

#### IV.—EASTWARD HO!

CHARLES KINGSLEY's story of "Westward Ho!" was reversed with our hero after three months' experience of circuit-riding.

In the days of September, when the autumn tinge began to remind him that the summer was over, Sam appeared at the door, and the bags were put in, and these rough old fellows, who laughed at his coming, now with tears in their eyes bade the missionary goodbye, and the fifty-mile drive over the grassy waste was made, and the Rising Sun Hotel

was visited again, and at last the little cottage-home of Parson Jambeau was reached, and Brother Joseph was waiting for the friar to turn up; and off they all went through Minnesota in a big two-horse wagon with all sorts of camp-equipage.

They would fire away at prairie-chickens and stop to fish at the streams on their route, and then hold missionary meetings at night.

At last they parted from the old parson, and watched him drive back again to his humble little home at the missionary station; and the rejoicing students, after visiting St. Paul, and Minneapolis, and the charming environs of Fort Snelling, and the Falls of Minnehaha, appeared one morning at the halls of — Seminary and took up their church history and Hebrew grammar just as if nothing had ever happened, and as if they had never dived deep down in the realities of life in their summer vacation, while the other theologs were lazily loafing. But what they did during these three months, how they preached in halls, and grocery-stores, and off of the tail-end of their wagons at cross-roads; how they raised money for churches, and started Sunday-schools, and tried to do good to English settlers who had bought corner-lots in fine cities, as they appeared on paper, and then, like Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley at Eden, were waiting for years for civilization to stretch out there—"are they not written in the books of the chronicles of the — Missionary Society," as the doings of the Kings of Judah are written in the other books which we never take the trouble to read?

For everything in life, like the moon itself, has its other unseen side, and these adventures of the circuit-rider, as herein described, form the other side of a brief and yet earnest missionary experience.

#### A FEW WORDS ABOUT WALT WHITMAN.

THE vehement controversy that has recently broken out in the English journals concerning Walt Whitman's poems, and which has been copied quite extensively in our own papers, is evidence, I think, of a significant fact, which one of the parties to this controversy has already asserted—that the number of Mr. Whitman's readers has been steadily increasing from year to year since his first publication a little over fifteen years ago. This statement will very likely be met with something more than doubt by the reader who has received only the prejudices of others in regard to the poet, or who himself has pored over these strange lines to find nothing but formlessness, and what one critic calls "dirty rubbish." But there are those who have followed the various expression of critical thought at home and abroad from time to time, and through this, and the individual utterance which has found its way in the discussions of private circles, there is indisputable evidence of the fact, which I state, that Mr. Whitman's readers have been steadily on the increase since his first publication. As everything that he has written is

easily included in one medium-sized volume, it must be supposed that this increasing audience is not due to freshness of matter brought before the public at frequent intervals, but to the something inherent and of value in the old. But, with this increase, the audience is even now but a limited one. It is a minority, and a small minority; yet it has in its range some of the distinguished names of the century. Emerson's is one of them, though perhaps Emerson may be reckoned as one of the earlier heralds of enthusiasm, whose glow and fervor faltered a little in the heat of the day, which later made the atmosphere about Mr. Whitman something of a trial-test to his admirers. But it is certainly enough to know that Mr. Emerson at once, after reading the first issue of "Leaves of Grass," wrote to Mr. Whitman, expressing in the strongest terms his approbation and admiration of the book. Mr. Emerson was not only a mature man at this time, but he was verging upon the elderly period, so that this expression cannot be attributed to inexperience. It concerns him much more than it does Mr. Whitman that later he faltered in his bold estimate, or in the expression of it. Whatever may be our opinion of Mr. Whitman as a writer, we must be troubled with a certain pained surprise to find that Emerson, who writes so serenely, "What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think," is really concerned and uneasy when this estimate of his is made public. When Mr. Whitman was informed of this uneasiness, his remark, "I considered Mr. Emerson's words the chart of an emperor," was as consistent with his character as Mr. Emerson's was inconsistent with his. But leaving this point, which is only a side-issue, and does not affect the facts, it is certainly worth considering, in the face of the majority who violently accuse Mr. Whitman of impurity, that such a man as Ralph Waldo Emerson could find, after reading his book, nothing but enthusiastic praise to bestow upon it. Then later we come to such adherents as Rossetti, Swinburne, Buchanan, Dowden, and our own O'Connor, and John Burroughs, author of that delightful book, "Winter Sunshine." Thoreau, too, "that austere spirit," testifies in his last volume to his great esteem for Whitman, and, greater than all, Thomas Carlyle, that fiery router and detester of shams, considers Walt Whitman "a man furnished for the highest of all enterprises—that of being the poet of his age."

The *Spectator* recently, in speaking of this adherence of the four Englishmen I have quoted, said: "Swinburne, Rossetti, Dowden, Buchanan, and the rest, may all be mistaken, but their fault as critics has not usually been the deification of weakness and intellectual sterility. They must see something in Whitman beyond blatancy and obscenity."

But blatancy and obscenity are just what these admirers do not see in Whitman, and therefore the *Spectator* writer is at fault in his premising and conclusion. One of the most distinguished clergymen in England, the Rev. J. W. Fox, explains pretty fully what all these adherents of Whitman think of that



portion of "Leaves of Grass" which the critics call obscenity. He commends the poems "for their strength of expression, their fervor, their hearty wholesomeness, their originality and freshness, their singular harmony," and then says, "In the unhesitating frankness of a man who dares to call simplest things by their plain names, conveying also a large sense of the beautiful," there is "a clearer conception of what manly modesty really is than in anything we have in all conventional forms of word, deed, or act, so far known of."

The *North American Quarterly Review*, at the time "Leaves of Grass" appeared, I think in its second issue, spoke in eulogistic terms of the book, and, alluding to the portion of it which had come under severest criticism, remarked that "there is not a word in it meant to attract readers by its grossness, as there is in half the literature of the last century, which holds its place unchallenged on the tables of our drawing-rooms."

Thus far the testimony of men well known as authors, most of them of world-wide celebrity and acceptance, two of them of transcendent genius and fame. Now for a woman's voice, and that woman one of whom Mr. W. M. Rossetti says her "friendship honors me." Mr. Rossetti, it must be mentioned here, published in 1867 a selection of Whitman's poems. A copy of this was sent to this honored friend of his, who immediately afterward accepted a loan of the complete edition. "Both volumes raised in her," writes Mr. Rossetti at the time, "a boundless and splendid enthusiasm, ennobling to witness. This found expression," he continues, "in some letters which she addressed to me at the time, and which contain (I affirm it without misgiving, and I hope not without some title to form an opinion) about the fullest, farthest-reaching, and most eloquent appreciation of Whitman yet put into writing, and certainly the most valuable, whether or not I or other readers find cause for critical dissent at an item here and there. The most valuable, I say, because this is the expression of what a woman sees in Whitman's poems—a woman who has read and thought much, and whom to know is to respect and esteem in every relation, whether of character, intellect, or culture." I subjoin below a few extracts from these letters. In the first place, in relation to the form, the construction of the poems, are these significant sentences. Alluding directly to the piece called "Walt Whitman," and "one or two others of that type," she thinks that those who admire these poems for certain qualities of strength, etc., and talk of formlessness, absence of metre, etc., are quite as far from any genuine recognition of Walt Whitman as his bitter detractors. "Are not the hitherto-accepted masterpieces of literature akin rather to noble architecture, built up of material rendered precious by elaboration, planned with subtle art that makes beauty go hand in hand with rule and measure, and knows where the last stone will come before the first is laid? The result stately, fixed, yet such as might, in every particular, have been different from what it is (therefore inviting

criticism), contrasting proudly with the careless freedom of Nature, opposing its own rigid adherence to symmetry to her willful dallying with it. But not such is this book. Seeds brought by the winds from north, south, east, and west, lying long in the earth, not resting on it like the stately building, but hid in and assimilating it, shooting upward to be nourished by the air and the sunshine and the rain which beat idly against that—each bough and twig and leaf growing in strength and beauty its own way, a law to itself, yet, with all this freedom of spontaneous growth, the result inevitable, unalterable (therefore setting criticism at naught), above all things vital—that is, a source ever generating vitality—such are these poems."

Further on: "I see that no counting of syllables will reveal the mechanism of the music; and that this rushing spontaneity could not stay to bind itself with fetters of metre. But I know that the music is there, and that I would not for something change ears with those who cannot hear it."

"The one great source of this kindling, vitalizing power," she considers, "is the grasp laid upon the present, the fearless and comprehensive dealing with reality. Hitherto the leaders of thought have (except in science) been ever with their faces resolutely turned backward."

This, it would seem, might answer the *Spectator's* question what it is that Swinburne, Rossetti, Dowden, Buchanan, "see" in Walt Whitman "beyond blatancy and obscenity." And for this latter grievance, again, Mr. Rossetti's friend has the following words: "You argued rightly that my confidence would not be betrayed by any of the poems of this book. None of them troubled me even for a moment, because I saw at a glance that it was not, as men had supposed, the heights brought down to the depths, but the depths lifted up level with the sunlit heights, that they might become clear and sunlit, too. Always for a woman a veil woven out of her own soul—never touched upon even with a rough hand by this poet. But for a man, a daring, fearless pride in himself, not a mock modesty woven out of delusions—a very poor imitation of a woman's. Do they not see that this fearless pride, this complete acceptance of themselves, is needful for her pride, her justification? What! is it all so ignoble, so base, that it will not bear the honest light of speech from lips so gifted with the divine power to use words? . . . It is true that instinct of silence I spoke of is a beautiful, imperishable part of Nature, too."

"But it is not beautiful when it means an ignominious shame brooding darkly. . . . It was needed that this silence, this evil spell, should for once be broken, and the daylight let in; that the dark cloud lying under might be scattered to the winds. It was needed that one who could indicate for us the 'path between reality and the soul' should speak."

I think that these various expressions answer pretty fully the *Spectator's* query, "What is it that Mr. Whitman's admirers find in his poems?"

I cannot call myself an ardent admirer of Mr. Whitman's poems, but I am confident that, though my individual taste may not be

pleased by the poet's method, his purpose is noble. And I do not see how an unprejudiced critic can fail to perceive something, at least, of this good intention. Some of them do admit it to a certain extent, but most of them presuppose that what is offensive to their taste must be, both in method and meaning, false and bad. This is, to say the least, unfair. It should be certainly taken into consideration that such men as Carlyle, and Emerson, and Thoreau, men of exceptionally clean lives and clear vision, find nothing of this "dirty rubbish," this impurity of the adverse critics. I have never yet seen or heard of the person who accepted from any point of view these poems who was not of the higher order of intellect and morality. I have seen and heard of many of inferior mentality, and of very questionable morality, whose sense of propriety was inexpressibly shocked by Mr. Whitman's plainness of speech, and who were in great alarm and revolt thereat. But I do not wish to imply that I think all those who find the poet offensive are of this stamp. Far from it. I simply wish to point out two extremes.

A friend whose opinion I value, and whose literary work the world has long since honored, said to me lately: "Whitman, to my mind, has made the mistake of thinking everything was to be said. Until very recently this has been my own opinion; but latterly I have come to think that the poet may be right in this particular, however wrong I may consider his method of utterance. It may be, as Rossetti's friend so finely says, that 'it was needed that this silence, this evil spell, should for once be broken, and the daylight let in, that the dark cloud lying under might be scattered to the winds.' For speech on these matters has always been with the base and the vulgar. They have filled the world with their foul interpretations, until the silence of the higher has come indeed to cover something very near akin to the 'mean distrust of a man's self, and of his Creator,' of which Mr. Rossetti's friend speaks. And perhaps it is time the higher took speech into their own hands now, and broke the silence with their interpretation. Mr. Whitman, I am sure, has broken the silence with this very motive. If I had not the testimony of personal acquaintances I should conclude that this man's life was a clean life, and therefore his motive high, from this very plain expression of his, because it is an expression *entirely devoid of levity*. Unclean lives and thinkers do not speak in this unvarnished language. They deal in innuendo and *double entendre*. But Mr. Whitman is not even light in the sense of gayety. He is always, even when joyous, almost terribly in earnest. And this earnestness lifts everything that he says up into the mountain-region of purity. Though to me he lacks the older graces of poetic form and expression, and I find great fault on occasions with his choice of words, I am convinced that this choice is not a hasty one, or from any unworthy motive; and I am also as certain that whatever he has touched with such unwonted plainness and fearlessness has been touched with reverence, and with a reverential purpose. And, whatever the ver-

dict of the future in regard to his form and method—and the increase of his readers in the last fifteen years, and the quality of these readers, show decidedly that in the future he will not be forgotten—I am sure that this purpose of his will be generally recognized as a noble one, and as such will be respected, while it serves, as he intended it should, its day of usefulness."

NORA PERRY.

### PICTORIAL CARICATURE.

THE multiplication of pictures in serial literature, and the enormous expansion of this literature itself in recent years, have brought to bear a potent force on the thinking of the multitude. It is not new, but it has won a new and enlarged field; for, while in earlier days it addressed mainly the leaders of thought, it now arrays itself, Briareus-armed, before the entire people, and tells its story or points its moral on the railway, in the reading-room, and through the mail-bag—a formidable competitor to the able editor and the "leader" of the morning journal.

It is said, and by those who relished the result, that the last presidential election was carried by cartoons, as the election of Harrison in 1840 was won by the enthusiasm of song, and the *grotesquerie* of log-cabins and hard cider. This may be doing Mr. Nast a great deal too much deference; but the side that stood in his pillory knew very well that while he made others laugh at their position and candidates he was placed himself, by the peculiarity of his function and necessary obscurity, where neither laughter nor much rebuke could avail against him. Not that it was he who spoke—for he was really the most considerable, and easily the chief, of our comic delineators—but for the simple fact that caricaturists are not yet as familiar figures as well-known statesmen and leading editors. He might be desperately wrong in detail and in the drift of his conclusions, but he was secure. The eagle which confronts the sunshine and soars in open air may receive a shot, but the raven which croaks in the tree-tops at night is not amenable to your reason or your wrath. It is an impersonal voice: provoking enough, no doubt, but beyond your reach or arrest. One cannot well strike a blow at sheet-lightning, or parry sunlight with any sensible weapon; and so, whether it be a bolt from the armory of truth, or the boisterous echo of the court servitor or political lackey, by which you are assailed, you are equally helpless. In any combat between ponderable and imponderable forces, the former must take all the blows; for there, in infinite irony, stands the picture! Its jeer is audible; it is ubiquitous and unquestioned; it possesses just that verisimilitude which makes its defamation most poisonous; it is illogical and puerile, but it is cunningly conceived and skillfully drawn. Put it in words, and it would not deceive for a moment the merest schoolboy; print it in some journal of civilization, and it gores you with a nation's guffaw.

The current inference in respect to pictures employed in pictorial railleury is very

much like the proverb about figures, that they "don't lie," whereas they do and can lie most prodigiously on occasion.

The pictorial weapon, therefore, if we concede it to be desirable on the part of truth, is also quite as often dangerous and detrimental to it, and needs a more balanced and cultured brain for its handling than is usually found in connection with the mimetic gift. I believe it is undisputed that neither artistic nor musical endowment is noted for being in frequent or conspicuous company with wide culture and judicial qualities; and so our caricaturists, having the wit and *diablerie* of Mercury, are, by the curious privilege of their calling, enabled to hurl upon us the lightnings of Jupiter.

It needs only a superficial consideration to see that pencil-caricature, in its most piquant phase, which is so well calculated to captivate the eye and the reason of the multitude, is wholly inconsiderate of the finer points. It does not deal with nice shades and distinctions; has no perspective, except with reference to a single aim; ignores the complexity of human character; and builds its *tour de force* on a solitary assumption. It measures motives and performance alike with its one clumsy balance, and puts its commonest emphasis in coarseness and brutality.

Probably it never had a better subject than the native coarseness and sordid devil-may-careness and jollity of Tweed and his collusive and well-mated crew. Here was a new *Falstaff*, with a geniality that was ghastly rather—not an easy-conscience one, but one with no conscience at all—and a figure and personality which it required no Shakespearean eye to perceive. The group which surrounded him was a perfectly natural gathering and outgrowth. However coarse and brutal the manner of denunciation might be of these persons, it was felt that there was no exaggeration of their high-handed corruption and doge-like tyranny which could possibly overstep the truth. The moral sense of moral men everywhere and in all parties and persuasions felt that the work done in this direction was a needed tonic to the public virtue.

It was here that our chief caricaturist made his style—and a style when made does not often escape its mould—and won his more noticeable fame; and, perhaps, hurt irreparably the fineness and warped the catholicity of his mental perceptions. It is difficult, too, to escape the conclusion that he who becomes a conspicuous partisan of a party, and a conspicuously blind toady to a man, even though the object of laudation is a high governmental chief, and worthy of distinguished consideration for services rendered the republic, has fallen a good way below the point of view from which the truth is to be discerned. And this occurred not merely when we were given frequent pictures, in phases *ad nauseam*, of the second Washington, but when we saw the brush dipped in the same pigment which blackened Tweed to blacken after the same manner Horace Greeley, Carl Schurz, and Charles Sumner. It happened when, by making Sumner strew flowers on Brooks's grave, it libeled the sweetest and noblest sentiment of spontane-

ous charity and forgiveness that ever moved the hearts of statesmen and of a great people. Wherein, I am prompted to ask, did this last example fail in nailing the underlying principle of Christianity itself on the bars of crucifixion? The same spirit of caricature could as easily have punctured with its sardonic levity the sublime and golden sentence, "Neither do I accuse thee; go and sin no more;" or have made ridicule of the tenderest of the beatitudes. It happened, too, when it crossed, as it not long ago did, the threshold of the grave, to place into public view again the coat-tails and tag of calumnious memory—a reminiscence of that frantic hate and pitiless pursuit of one whose shoestrings, if they were worthy to wear them, would ennoble both the ethics and politics of his detractors.

It is proper to ask what is the ordinary effect of such pictorial Billingsgate as issued forth with such blatant iteration in the campaign of '72? The natural inference from it was that which set the three concededly purest and most ideal statesmen of the country into the category which had been familiarized and made for the convict and "statesman" late of Blackwell's Island. And so completely was this intimated that Tweed himself remarked it. He is reported to have said: "I *did* feel somewhat hurt when those pictures appeared; but now that the very best men in the country are blackballed, I can stand it." He felt whitened and restored. And this was just the effect of the artist's work. It wiped out and color-killed the fine performance that had preceded it. Where the reader of its meaning did not take this most obvious view and consequence, he was either compelled to admit and excuse the limitations of the art or interpret it in a Pickwickian sense, or else say bluntly that the artist in question was an incorrigible partisan, and only worked in the interest of truth and morality when it was most convenient to do so, and would produce moral confusion on equal terms, and with as sincere gusto and enthusiasm. But refinements about the matter were not indulged in by the multitude, and so the quick and natural conclusion did its dirty work, and made its peculiar mischief.

If any person doubts this representation of the case, or if there is one who, believing in the general end sought to be accomplished, finds in that faith a justification of the means, he might turn back with profit to the editorial page which preceded, and notice there how marked and measured severity (whether well or ill used is not now to the point), and by no means apologetically or justificatory, still left some small chance—as the cartoons did not—for these men to stand on a possibly reasonable and moral basis—on a position, at least, which, with some degree of rectitude, could be innocently, however mistakably, reasoned to and from. But there was no lack of irony and fire in the editor's pen, and, strong as these were at times, you could see an almost jarring contrast between the editorial and the cartoon, as if the voice which spoke from the pen was not quite willing to take the responsibility of that which screamed and raged in the picture.

The campaign of calumny is now so far in the past that one can make this allusion, I trust, in cool blood; and I only recall the subject at all because it furnishes the best illustration I can now think of of the injustice and measureless falsehood which has been committed on a large scale in modern caricature.

Of course it is understood that neither music nor pictures can express definite ideas with the complete limitation of language—the first scarcely reporting more than mere moods and feelings (unless Wagner shall make his future scores more thoroughly amenable to thought than we can now dream of), and the last, for purposes of caricature, drawing connected attention chiefly to a single point. But it should seem there might be elasticity enough in the mode of touching a cartoon to give some distinction between the treatment of men who are substantially good citizens, but who are supposed by the artist to be temporarily though sincerely in error, and the vilification of actual crime and proved malversation in office. We do not need a trip-hammer for the cracking of a walnut, nor superfluous cleavage and brutality in cutting through the peccadilloes of otherwise good men.

Truth too often lies deeper than any plummets of ours are apt to go in its search. Its exhibition is so much a matter of perspective and fine perception that the men who attempt to blazon it forth for us in a broad way need a grace that is but rarely vouchsafed to mere mortals. A true caricature—to speak in seeming paradox—is like a calcium-light, which, by immensely irradiating a single feature, makes it impossible not to see it—in fact, makes it impossible to see anything else. It should infuse a certain good-humor, and keep its vitriol in reserve for villains. In journals which profess to be journals of civilization, why keep the amenities on one page, and allow the tramping of hoofs and the brandishing of horns on the other? Or is it impossible to connect, or put in some reasonable *rapport* with each other, the spirit which controls the pen and that which dominates the picture? Infinite discretion is perhaps too much to expect, but it is not too much for use, in pictorial exploitation. Governed by the mere whim and partisanship of a riotous and irresponsible crayonist, it has been and will be made to perpetrate the most subtle evil and delusion. We have seen it already show the lickspittles which recalls the obsequious and contemptible courtierism of two hundred years ago, and the ardor of a passionate advocate, where it should have exhibited the impartiality of a judge.

There is no face or character perfect enough to escape from the wantonness of this power. The ass's ears can be as easily clapped upon Apollo's head as upon Vulcan's. Soot or lampblack will besmear a saint with as much ease as it does a sinner. It is by no means a difficult feat to put a lacquer or veneer of likeness over unlikeness with the cleanest reputation.

If we introduce a word here concerning Roman Catholicism, it is not because we have any liking for it as a system. In fact, we entertain nothing but aversion for the enormous mental bondage we believe it en-

tails on the great multitude of its adherents. But there is a possibility of even abusing the Catholics, we should say, by frantic and absurd applications upon them, which may cruelly hurt so good and true a cause as the complete secularization of the common schools. An unreasoning tirade damages most the side which uses it, and is sure, in the long-run, to beget sympathy for the side which is put under the lash. For, sooner or later, there is a sense of justice awakened in men which sits in serene judgment on every effort of mere exploitation and bitterness—though it be put forth to catch the popular breeze—which shoves out of sight if it does not otherwise punish the authors of it.

And let it be remarked that the cartoonist can only expect to be permanently successful in proportion as he attempts to be just. The code of morals for him is precisely what it is for the writer, or editor, or public speaker. He can sin by his silence, too, as well as by his speech. The genius which can depict a situation so as to make an inefaceable memory of it ought to work for universal ends. It belongs to the republic and to humanity. It has no right to give up to party what was meant for mankind.

Our moral censor—for such he surely aims to be—may strike at the most moral and intellectual of our statesmen, and make an apotheosis of littleness; he may hunt down nobleness and whitewash incompetency and vulgarity; he may forget that *Crédit Mobilier* and kindred corruptions caused the civilized world to stare, and that civil-service reform was killed by those who pretended to make a virtue of caressing it: to these and similar lapses he may turn a blind eye, but he cannot stop an invisible pencil—which writes the verdict of time—from working above his head, taking the measure of himself and his utterance, and rating them on the pygmy plane to which they belong.

JOEL BENTON.

### PROUD AND POOR.

YOU never will own that you love me—no!  
You are proud, sweetheart!  
Yet the best of your life for my sake only  
Is passing apart.

I never will own that I love you—no!  
I am proud, sweetheart!  
Yet the flower of my life for your sake only  
Is falling apart.

Do you think that a rose will ever grow  
From your grave or mine—  
From the dust of the lives that were passion-  
weighted,  
But that made no sign?

Oh, it ought to be red as the drops that are  
wrung  
From a proud, pierced heart,  
And let never its leaves by the courtier-breezes  
Be flattered apart!

And thickly this bud should be set about  
With merciless briars,  
Like the stinging regrets that vexed our spirits  
For their vain desires.

And heavy, oh, heavy with showers of dew,  
Like the tears that fell  
Through the lonely nights when we thought of  
each other,  
But—would not tell!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

### EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE English journals are nowadays in a woful scolding humor. None of them appear to be satisfied without at least one rasping sermon in each issue. It is consoling to outside barbarians to note that these objurgations are quite as often uttered against the sins of their own people as those of the people of other countries; but a reader with a good sense of justice must object a little to the undue proportion of space given to the shortcomings of the female sex; and everybody with a good memory will be prone to recollect that similar sermons have been preached, and the same accusations made, as long as essayists and satirists have flourished. As an instance of the censorious spirit rampant among our transatlantic brethren of the pen, we quote passages from two essays that appeared at the same date in London. The first is from the *Saturday Review*:

"Rinking on the one hand, and the shrieking sisterhood on the other, divide the young womanhood of London between them, and the previous standards of right and wrong, once held so essential to the well-being of society, are completely overthrown on a little experience of the world and modern life. Idle gossip and questionable conversation are freely indulged in before them as a legitimate source of amusement by their mothers and their mothers' friends. The doubtful topics of the day are not only discussed in their presence, but discussed without reserve in a mixed assemblage of both sexes. The worst novels of the season lie on the drawing-room table, dogs-eared at the strong passages; and the daily papers, whatever their contents, are passed freely from hand to hand. Women of advanced views make the drawing-room their forum, where they declaim with alarming minuteness of detail against the iniquities of men, and insist on the need there is of women meeting them on their own ground, with weapons sharpened at the same grindstone. Things which our grandmothers went down to the grave without knowing are discussed in the light of day, and in unmistakable terms, before our unmarried girls; and of all the feminine qualities, shame, delicacy, and reticence, are the first to be discarded."

The next, which reads as if it came from the same hand, is from the London *World*:

"The girls have caught the infection from the fast young married women, and endeavor to emulate them in freedom of conversation, jealous of the manner in which their partners are ruthlessly lured away from them, and eager to be quoted as exceptions to the dictum of the day that 'girls are so heavy in hand.' And their mothers, who should be wiser, are weak enough to argue that it is the fashion; that if their girls are quiet and dignified they will be voted prudish and slow, and that it will diminish their chances of marriage. Indeed, so great is the force of custom that topics of conversation that would once have appalled them now appear perfectly natural, and they 'see no harm' in their girls talking like others. But even in a purer atmosphere, where the taint of the fast set has not as yet penetrated, conversation, though free from indelicacy, is still liable to the indictment of being probably slang and certainly inane."



These are certainly severe indictments of English young women. It will be observed that they are not essentially different from charges current in circles here against the young women of America. It is, in fact, a matter of implicit belief with many people here that sins of the nature charged in the passages we have quoted are peculiar to the United States, and that one has only to go abroad to escape from them.

But the important question is, Are they true? Is it a fact that young ladies of the present day talk upon and have a knowledge of subjects that their "grandmothers went down to the grave without knowing?" Are topics "that once would have appalled" well-bred young ladies now freely and openly discussed? Do these English essayists speak with knowledge, or are they simply spurred by a free imagination and a desire to say something biting and satirical? We shall not attempt to answer these questions by arguments derived from our own observation, nor to meet these assertions by other assertions. In truth, we know too little of English social circles to be competent to do so. But there is one test to which these accusations may be subjected that to our mind is pretty nearly an infallible one—and this is a comparison of the literature of the present period and that of those times when speech is assumed to have been circumspect, and innocence the special grace of young womanhood.

It is quite unthinkable that civilization in its morals should have diverged different ways—that at the moment when social manners are degenerating into coarseness and vice, literature should advance in refinement and circumspection. And yet, if these London censors are right, this anomaly is now to be witnessed. We are asked to believe that an age which has banished the coarse jest, the brutal word, the *double entendre* from the stage; which will not permit in its popular literature terms, allusions, references, and incidents that once abounded in books openly read by all classes; which is honestly shocked at the coarse plays and free-spoken novels of the last century—we are asked to believe that an age which exhibits—and the fact cannot be denied—these features of fastidious taste is at the same moment in its social life degenerating into coarseness, and that just as its literature and art have become circumspect its young women are losing the grace of refinement and the bloom of innocence! It is incredible. It is impossible.

It is continually forgotten how much literature and public taste have changed in the things we are now referring to. As an instance of this we must be permitted to recall the well-known anecdote related by Sir

Walter Scott—who at the request of an aged aunt sent her copies of Mrs. Aphra Behn's novels, which in the old lady's early days were very fashionable, and which the good old lady wished to read again. The books were promptly returned. "Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn," said the old lady, "and, if you will take my advice, put her in the fire, for I found it impossible to get through the first novel. Is it not odd that I, an old woman of eighty, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to read a book which sixty years ago I heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles, consisting of the first and most creditable society in London?" The novel has changed little from Sir Walter Scott's time; but the coarseness that in his age had been excluded from the novel was still paramount on the stage, and ladies and gentlemen often witnessed there scenes and listened to language that to-day are not tolerated by any public assemblages of which women form a part.

It seems to us that the literary evidence is rather conclusive against the sweeping accusations of the London essayists. We, at least, prefer to trust it.

IF the dean and chapter of the ancient Abbey of Westminster will permit, a bust of the poet Keats will be placed in the poets' corner. The honor comes late, for Keats has been more than half a century dead, and when living, poor fellow, had a wretched time enough of it among men. He wrote poems which were unmercifully attacked in the reviews, which religious teachers tabooed, and at which society at first rather rudely laughed. Now, however, it is said that these poems are read as much in England as are Byron's; and, if age be the test of poetry as well as of wine and tobacco, the evidence of the editions of Keats sold in these days seems to give him a title to be recognized among the bards who live in fame. Everybody is interested in that musty, rather cold and drear poets' corner, which is the first spot reached in the famous abbey as one enters; Americans have a share in it as well as Englishmen, both because most of the poets who lie or are commemorated there wrote for our ancestors as well as theirs, and because probably as many Americans as Englishmen visit the corner in the course of a year, smile at Gay's strange epitaph, shake heads solemnly over "O rare Ben Jonson!" and stand silent over the spot where Dickens reposes.

Certainly there are some poets honored by a tomb or bust in the corner—some now forgotten laureates and obscure versifiers once the fashion—less worthy of the distinction than the pale, sensitive, burning-eyed, consumptive, unhappy youth who wrote "En-

dymion" and "The Eve of St. Agnes." The difficulty will be that if Keats is admitted to the now crowded space, the claims of others will have to be considered also. There is Shelley, for instance: shall "Epipsychidion" and "Queen Mab" be tabooed when "Endymion" is crowned? There is Byron, too, any proposal to honor whom always raises such a rumpus, in which well-meaning but narrow-sighted people try to judge him by character instead of works. There are Coleridge, and Lamb, and Wordsworth, none of whom, we believe, are yet in the company of Gay, Akenside, and Jonson, in either marble or sarcophagus. Yet the poets' corner is already overcrowded, though there always seems to be in it, as in a horse-car or omnibus, room for one more. To enlarge it would be to make it no longer the poets' corner, and such a thing is not to be thought of. England is, indeed, burdened with the multitudes of her worthies; and one monument is not erected before subscription papers are out for another. It must be confessed, however, that if the late Prince Albert deserves the most splendid piece of architecture ever erected on English soil, as the memorial now being placed in Hyde Park undoubtedly is, Keats deserves at least a little niche in the marble company of the poets' corner.

LONDON society, which is just now tiding toward the metropolis from country-houses and the Continent, is rejoicing in the prospect of an unusually brilliant fashionable season. The queen, who has lived in provoking retirement since the death of Prince Albert, will at last modify the sombreness of her widow's weeds, and appear once more as the social head of the court. It is a jubilee for West End tradesmen, who have been waxing somewhat disloyal amid their long lack of custom; young ladies of good family will be happy in securing the long-craved opportunity to acquire that prestige which is supposed to be won by having been "presented." There will be a real court once more, with the crown in its midst—frequent "drawing-rooms" at St. James's, garden-parties at Buckingham Palace, open-air *fêtes*, and great state-dinners at Windsor: all inspirations to the lesser though scarcely less brilliant gatherings at the houses of dukes and earls, and of those untitled but ambitious social grandees who suffer the slight disadvantage of having made their own money instead of inheriting it. These are not, as with us, "hard times" in England. Trade was never better, and, what is more to the real *bon ton*, rents come in promptly; so that there is no reason why my lord and my lady should not take full advantage of the propitious season, and make

the display due to their rank and their marriageable daughters in the purlieus of Vanity Fair.

This, above all others, is the time to be in London. The fogs have vanished, and the sky is as clear as it ever is in that muggy climate. It is no longer the dull, plodding town which one sees in the winter or in the dog-days. Rotten Row is full every morning of the best horseflesh and the best fashion. Parliament is in the midst of its most debate-impelling topics. The suburbs are aglow with the rich earliest green of Nature. The races are coming, and soon everybody, from the royal prince to the smallest "city" cad, will be bowling off to Epsom Downs. The pomp and wealth of patrician England are displayed on every hand west of Charing Cross; the clubs overflow with the notabilities political and literary, and with fashionable men of the world old and young; the West End is positively clamorous on pleasant evenings with the roll and rumble of carriages and hansoms, conveying the party-goers from house to house. When these sights are witnessed, one is prone to think how securely royalty and nobility are, after all, rooted in English life and soil, despite the noise of reformers and the ranting of radicals.

WE find current in the newspapers an anecdote of Senator Conkling, which those who know or have met the senator can well believe to be true, and which if not true ought to be so. The senator is noted for his personal fastidiousness—not a very common characteristic of politicians, and one which congressional experience, we should judge, would scarcely promote. Being seated at dinner recently he was joined by an acquaintance, who took a vacant chair by his side, and offered him his congratulations. The congratulations, so says the account, were not very warmly received. The senator evidently had something unpleasant upon his mind; he fidgeted with his napkin, toyed with his fork, looked longingly at the dainties before him, but never touched them. Finally, looking up with a disgusted face, he said: "Really, my friend, excuse me, but—you are saturated with nicotine!" This is laughed at as an instance of the senator's "fastidious nose." But there are many people who also have "fastidious noses" that will take no little delight in the incident—who will be prone to quote the senator's reply when they too are plagued by the contact of persons "saturated with nicotine." We advise ladies blessed with sensitive olfactories to make neat copies of this anecdote on delicately-perfumed paper, and send them to those of their acquaintances whose breaths and clothes are charged with offensive odors

of tobacco. Gentlemen, also, who dislike to have a great wave of nicotine swept into their presence by masticators of the leaf, or smokers of bad cigars, might have the anecdote printed on cards, and distributed among their offending acquaintances. There are many smokers who are as particular in the use of tobacco as the most fastidious person could wish, and choice cigars are often aromatic and pleasant; but there are those who go about redolent of odors that are sickening and repulsive to many gentlemen and nearly all ladies—and these uncleanly and uncivilized persons need just such a lesson as that given by our New York senator. If women were voters now, what a capital use this anecdote could be made of in furthering the senator's chance for the presidential nomination; but we fear, as matters stand, that the fastidiousness shown by the senator will rather hurt his chances with a tobacco-chewing, tobacco-smoking, and tobacco-smelling constituency.

It has been said with considerable truth that the late Mr. Stewart was preëminently a shopkeeper. It was his great ambition to make his retail store the largest bazaar of the kind in the world. He owned many mills, but these were run solely for the furtherance of his retail business; he had several branch establishments abroad, but these were organized principally as aids to his comprehensive purposes here; he was an importer, but his importations were mainly with the view of strengthening his Broadway operations. It is true that he conducted an extensive wholesale house, but the pride, the zeal, the sympathies of the man were concentrated upon his retail place of business. He had so far succeeded in his designs that his store on Broadway had become the largest shop of the kind in the world in area, being exceeded in amount of trade by but one place, the Bon Marché of Paris. This fact may be surprising to many persons, and especially to those who have seen both places—the Bon Marché neither having the dimensions of nor apparently employing so many clerks as the establishment of Mr. Stewart. He obtained his heart's wish. As a sagacious, an enterprising, a wonderfully successful shopkeeper, he is known the world over. Is his reputation to rest here? At the time of writing these sentences his will has not been made public, but probably will be so before they are perused by the reader. We earnestly trust that the provisions of that instrument will enable future generations to know Mr. Stewart in some much higher light than that of a successful merchant; that before his death he took measures for bestowing upon New York some permanent institution of taste or learning which shall bear

his name—one which by its munificence and its high and useful purpose will perpetuate the fame of the giver, confer credit upon the city, and give the people of New York lasting reason for rejoicing in the circumstances that brought this man to their shores, and permitted his colossal fortune to grow up within their borders.

### Books and Authors.

THE opening paragraphs of Mr. G. O. Trevelyan's "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay,"<sup>1</sup> in which he affects to think that some sort of apology is required for offering the public a memoir of his distinguished uncle, do not predispose one very favorably toward a book which, nevertheless, proves on closer perusal to be a painstaking, interesting, and on the whole satisfactory work. It is not in the least analytical or literary, so to call it; it makes no attempt to indicate the quality or measure the value of Macaulay's work either as author or statesman; and it leaves a great deal to the imagination of those who are not already familiar with Macaulay's writings. But then every one at all likely to feel interested in the life of Macaulay is acquainted with his writings; these writings afford a far better idea of his intellectual powers than could be derived from any mere analysis or description; and Mr. Trevelyan has acted wisely in attempting no more than to give "the tens of thousands whose interest in history and literature he [Macaulay] has awakened and informed by his pen" an adequate idea of the private history and personal qualities of the author. If the title of the book had read "The Private Life and Personal Character of Macaulay, with Selections from his Domestic and Friendly Correspondence," it would have been exactly descriptive of its contents; and from that point of view it would have been above criticism, whether as regards the plan of the work or the skill with which that plan is carried out. It is full and adequate without being tedious; friendly and admiring in tone without being panegyric; frank and candid while showing a just consideration for the susceptibilities of others; and carefully written without showing a trace of literary affectation or pretension.

Though we read the whole with the keenest interest, those portions of the present volume which proved most enjoyable were the two opening chapters, which tell the story of Macaulay's childhood and youth, partly because they deal with that part of his life of which no reflection is to be found in his writings, and partly because the truth of the old apothegm, that "the child is father to the man," was never more strikingly illustrated than in Macaulay's case. He was an extremely precocious child, and, as his precocity was of such a kind that what he wrote was preserved with a care very seldom bestowed on childish compositions, we have better evidence of it than is usual in similar cases.

<sup>1</sup> The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay. By his Nephew, G. Otto Trevelyan, M. P. In two volumes. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1876.

The early precocity of most men who, having exhibited it in childhood, become famous in after-life, has to be taken on trust, as it is generally a mere matter of family tradition; but in Macaulay's case it must be confessed that we have evidence as conclusive as it is surprising. The verses and letters which he wrote between the ages of five and eight are wonderful, if for nothing else, for their fertility of diction; and the letters sent home from school when he was between twelve and fifteen years old are as fluent, as animated, as correct, and as forcible as any he wrote in after-life. From the very first he exhibited those enormous powers of acquisition which long afterward lead Sydney Smith to say of him that "he overflowed with learning and stood in the slop." Writing on this point, Mr. Trevelyan says:

"The secret of his immense acquirements lay in two invaluable gifts of Nature: an unerring memory and the capacity for taking in at a glance the contents of a printed page. During the first part of his life he remembered whatever caught his fancy, without going through the process of consciously getting it by heart. As a child, during one of the seasons when the social duties devolved upon Mr. Macaulay, he accompanied his father on an afternoon call, and found on a table 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' which he had never before met with. He kept himself quiet with his prize while the elders were talking, and on his return home sat down by his mother's bed, and repeated to her as many cantos as she had the patience or the strength to listen to. At one period of his life he was known to say that, if by some miracle of vandalism all copies of 'Paradise Lost' and 'The Pilgrim's Progress' were destroyed off the face of the earth, he would undertake to reproduce them both from recollection whenever a revival of learning came. In 1813, while waiting in a Cambridge coffee-room for a post-chaise which was to take him to his school, he picked up a county newspaper containing two such specimens of provincial poetical talent as in those days might be read in the corner of any weekly journal. One piece was headed 'Reflections of an Exile,' while the other was a trumphy parody on the Welsh ballad 'Ar hyd y nos,' referring to some local anecdote of a hostler whose nose had been bitten off by a filly. He looked them once through, and never gave them a thought for forty years, at the end of which time he repeated them both without missing, or, as far as he knew, changing, a single word. . . .

"Macaulay's extraordinary faculty of assimilating printed matter at first sight remained the same through life. To the end he read books faster than other people skimmed them, and skimmed them as fast as any one else could turn the leaves. 'He seemed to read through the skin,' said one who had often watched the operation. And this speed was not in his case obtained at the expense of accuracy. Anything which had once appeared in type, from the highest efforts of genius down to the most detestable trash that ever consumed ink and paper manufactured for better things, had in his eyes an authority which led him to look upon misquotation as a species of minor sacrilege."

Speaking in another place of Macaulay's personal habits and tastes, Mr. Trevelyan remarks:

"During an epoch when at our principal seats of education athletic pursuits are regarded as a leading object of existence, rather than as a means of health and recreation, it requires some

boldness to confess that Macaulay was utterly destitute of bodily accomplishments, and that he viewed his deficiencies with supreme indifference. He could neither swim, nor row, nor drive, nor skate, nor shoot. He seldom crossed a saddle, and never willingly. When in attendance at Windsor, as a cabinet-minister, he was informed that a horse was at his disposal. 'If her majesty wishes to see me ride,' he said, 'she must order out an elephant.' The only exercise in which he can be said to have excelled was that of threading crowded streets with his eyes fixed upon a book. He might be seen in such thoroughfares as Oxford Street and Cheapside, walking as fast as other people walked, and reading a great deal faster than anybody else could read."

Of *bonmots* and personal anecdotes, of accounts of dinings out with great men, and of *symposia* with the wits and *litterati* of the town, the book offers a goodly treat; but, brilliant and successful as was his social career, this is not the aspect of Macaulay's life in which the reader will feel most interested. His letters, and more especially his conduct toward his family, show him to have been one of the kindest, most affectionate, and most unselfish of men. When he came back from India and began those arduous researches of which his "History" was the fruit, his life took on a graver tone; but, so far as the present volume reveals him to us, we see in him not so much the successful statesman and famous man of letters as the self-sacrificing helper of his father and sisters, and the life and inspiration of a family circle which, largely through him, maintained to the last that frank and hearty good-fellowship which is unfortunately only too rare in the domestic life of our time. It is worthy of note that, during the period of his life depicted in this volume, Macaulay's attention was about equally divided between politics and literature; and the following extract from a letter written just prior to his return to England (in 1838) is interesting as showing the relative estimate which experience and reflection had led him to place upon the results to be attained by the two pursuits:

"What my course of life will be when I return to England is very doubtful. But I am more than half determined to abandon politics, and to give myself wholly to letters; to undertake some great historical work which may be at once the business and the amusement of my life; and to leave the pleasures of pestiferous rooms, sleepless nights, aching heads, and diseased stomachs, to Roebuck and Praed. In England I might probably be of a very different opinion. But in the quiet of my own little grass-plot—when the moon, at its rising, finds me with the 'Philoctetes' or the 'De Finibus' in my hand—I often wonder what strange infatuation leads men who can do something better to squander their intellect, their health, their energy, on such objects as those which most statesmen are engaged in pursuing. I comprehend perfectly how a man who can debate, but who would make a very indifferent figure as a contributor to an annual or a magazine, . . . should take the only line by which he can attain distinction. But that a man before whom the two paths of literature and politics lie open, and who might hope for eminence in either, should choose politics and quit literature, seems to me madness. On the one side are health, leisure, peace of mind, the search after truth, and all the enjoyments of friendship and conversation. On the other side are almost certain ruin to the constitution, con-

stant labor, constant anxiety. Every friendship which a man may have becomes precarious as soon as he engages in politics. As to abuse, men soon become callous to it; but the discipline which makes them callous is very severe. And for what is it that a man who might, if he chose, rise and lie down at his own hour, engage in any study, enjoy any amusement, and visit any place, consents to make himself as much a prisoner as if he were within the rules of the Fleet; to be tethered during eleven months of the year within the circle of half a mile round Charing Cross; to sit or stand night after night for ten or twelve hours inhaling a noisome atmosphere, and listening to harangues of which nine-tenths are far below the level of a leading article in a newspaper? For what is it that he submits day after day to see the morning break over the Thames, and then totters home, with bursting temples, to bed? Is it for fame? Who would compare the fame of Charles Townshend to that of Hume, that of Lord North to that of Gibbon, that of Lord Chatham to that of Johnson? Who can look back on the life of Burke and not regret that the years which he passed in ruining his health and temper by political exertions were not passed in the composition of some great and durable work? Who can read the letters to Atticus, and not feel that Cicero would have been an infinitely happier and better man, and a not less celebrated man, if he had left us fewer speeches, and more Academic Questions and Tusculan Disputations? if he had passed the time which he spent in brawling with Vatinius and Clodius in producing a history of Rome superior even to that of Livy?"

Had he adhered to the determination thus logically and, as we think, wisely reached, his "History of England" would probably have been something more than the brilliant fragment which it now is; but within a year after the above letter was written he was not only a member of Parliament but a cabinet-minister, and to the last pursued the dual career whose multiplication of labor ultimately broke his health, and brought him to a premature grave.

The book is issued in uniform style with Forster's "Life of Swift," and consequently deserves all the praise which we bestow on the externals of that work, and contains an excellent portrait of Macaulay.

A BOOK of six hundred and seventy-seven closely-printed pages, which is neither history nor science, nor a translation of Homer, nor a paraphrase of Virgil, should furnish in itself a very satisfactory "reason for being;" and we are by no means sure that such a reason is furnished by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's "Sights and Insights" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.). It possesses a good deal of power of a certain kind, is fairly interesting when the art of judicious skipping is put in practice, and combines quite skillfully the somewhat divergent methods of a story and a narrative of travel; but the moral tension is too great to be long submitted to, and the natural tendency to introspection on the part of the author is cultivated too assiduously and ostentatiously for her work to be otherwise than unwholesome. This charge of unwholesomeness will seem at first glance an odd one to bring against a book which has so distinct a "mission," and in which theological talk and moral exhortation fill so large a space; but the character of a book is de-



terminated not so much by its aim or intention as by its methods, and prolonged, constant, subjective mental analysis will inevitably have a morbid tone, even though it take on pietistic forms of expression. Some thinker—Carlyle, we believe—has remarked that self-consciousness is the great malady of our time. In Mrs. Whitney's scheme, on the contrary, it is more than a virtue—it is the essential condition of moral growth, and its revelation and exhibition are the development of "character." She applies a forty-odd-power microscope to the mind, and under this enormously magnifying lens all its little aptitudes, perceptions, and impulses, assume the dignity and the mystery of Delphic oracles. Patience Strong travels over Europe, not describing the objects which she sees—that she calls "technical, inventorial gabble"—but throwing out mental antennae and watching for the sensations which they bring back. The motion of a hand on the part of one of her companions, the glance of an eye, the tone of a voice, the ribbons of a cap—these are of greater interest than all the glories of Switzerland or the loveliness of Italy; it is of them that she writes with endless iteration to her friend at home, to these that she returns when the necessity of describing a building, or a mountain, or a sunset, has temporarily turned aside the natural current of her thoughts. If "Mrs. Whitney" is the real name of "Patience Strong," as is doubtless the case in this book, she evidently feels great pride in the keenness of her perceptions. Her "insights," as she calls them, are of the kind which generally come by experience of the world and observation of one's fellows; but this is too commonplace an explanation for our author, and there is a constant intimation that there is something mystic, or uncanny, or "spiritual," about them. In fact, in Mrs. Whitney's world people are encompassed about with "agencies," and "influences," and "correspondences," and "affinities;" and the only real orthodox superstitions are those of science. Patience Strong develops a remarkable capacity for these "affinities;" and is represented as one to whom young people were especially attracted. To our mind, the healthy instincts of youth would shrink from such companionship as a nervous person shrinks from the surgeon's knife; and the author reveals an unconscious recognition of this fact by excluding youth from her pages—her young people are simply their elders "writ small."

Aside from its preachiness and general diffuseness, Mrs. Whitney's style is admirable, and some of the descriptive passages in "Sights and Insights" show how graphically she can write when she is willing to concentrate her attention upon one thing. Her dialogue is her weakest point, and she makes a great mistake, we think, in introducing so numerous a following as she has to cope with in the present work. In describing a person, or sketching a trait of character, she is nearly always successful; but the moment the person so described opens his or her lips the illusion vanishes, and we detect the author's slightly *pronounced* voice. Such conversations as are rehearsed to us from London

dinner-tables, English picnic-parties, and Swiss lakes, were never heard outside of some remote New England village among "elders" who maintain the traditions of our Puritan ancestry. Happily the "storm and stress" of life has not yet encroached so largely upon the social intercourse of the world at large.

THOUGH General Q. A. Gillmore's "Practical Treatise on Roads, Streets, and Pavements" (New York: D. Van Nostrand), is not the kind of literature likely to prove attractive to the general reader, it is of sufficient interest and importance to call for brief mention at our hands. Its objects, as defined by himself, are "to give, within the compass of one small volume, such descriptions of the various methods of locating country-roads, and of constructing the road and street coverings in more or less common use at the present day, as will render the essential details of those methods, as well as certain improvements thereon, of which many of them are believed to be susceptible, familiar to any intelligent non-professional reader; to make such practical suggestions with respect to the selection and application of materials, more especially those with the properties and uses of which builders are presumed to be best acquainted, as seem needful in order to develop their greatest practical worth, and realize their greatest endurance; and to institute a just and discriminating comparison of the respective merits of the several street-pavements now competing for popular recognition and favor, under the varying conditions of traffic, climate, and locality, to which they are commonly subjected." All these points are discussed fully but concisely, the facts being drawn from the author's own experience and observations in this country and abroad, and from the reports of the commissioners of roads in France and England. The aid of pictures, charts, and diagrams, is called in wherever necessary, and comparative tables summarize the investigations on such points as the relative cost, durability, expense of repairs, and number of horses required to conduct a given traffic. The upshot of the argument seems to be that the best material for country-roads is gravel or broken stone; that for those streets of cities where the traffic is very heavy the best pavement consists of rough granite blocks set in a concrete foundation; and that for all other streets the asphalt pavement (genuine asphalt, not the "poultice" with which New York and Washington streets have been smeared) combines more of the desired qualities than any other.

As we have already said, the book will not attract on purely literary grounds, but, if the conscript fathers of our various cities and towns could be induced to give it a studious perusal, the tax-payers would doubtless gain by it.

In her latest story, "An Odd Couple" (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates), Mrs. Oliphant has hit upon an ingenious if not a happy thought, and worked it out with her customary skill. Leaving the love-stories

and the commonplace entanglements, of which she has probably had a surfeit, she deals with what the French call a "social incident," which is not, however, of either the dubious, morbid, or immoral sort. A man and wife of respectable social position, finding after ten years of married life that their tempers are hopelessly incompatible, agree to separate. Of the two children, the mother takes the boy, and leaves the girl with the father, in the belief, as she expresses it, that it is "a principle in human nature which makes men kinder to women (in the abstract), and women kinder to men, than either are to their own sex." Both then proceed to pursue with the children their different methods of education and discipline; and at the end of ten years of delusive success a happy reunion is effected on the basis of mutual confession of failure—the boy not proving amenable to petticoat government, and the girl running away from the rigorous repression of an unsympathetic home. The moral of the story seems to be that children need the joint influence of mother and father, even though that influence may not be harmonious; and, if it is not made out very conclusively in the present case, it is at least plausible and worth emphasizing.

The book is slighter than Mrs. Oliphant's performances usually are, and its interest has certainly not been impaired by the necessity of condensation. Nothing is dwelt upon or elaborated, and yet the several characters stand forth with the clearness of outline and precision of feature which we find in a photograph. The story, in short, introduces us to real men and women, not to symbols; though it is hard to discover in Mr. Charles Tremeneere the qualities which would induce a premier to rely upon him to keep First Lords of the Treasury "right."

THE recently-issued *North American Review* (for April) has a word to say about Mr. Joaquin Miller, using his "Ship in the Desert" for a text: "If this were the literature of a new language and a new race, if it were really the beginning of another era of thought and speech, we should judge it very differently; but time does not develop the frontier type, it destroys it, men and conditions, and the very words in which they are praised are fortuitous, transient, born of brief circumstance, not to be renewed. The West, like the East, inherits the long line of English poets, and American ones to boot, and therefore we cannot consider Mr. Miller as the bard of a new dispensation more than any ignorant man anywhere, who has missed the benefit of knowing his predecessors. Portions of his productions excite admiration, but serious consideration or criticism of them would be out of place."

THE Russian novelist Turgeneff is the subject of some interesting gossip in a recent letter from Kate Field to the *Louisville Courier-Journal*: "Turgeneff, as you know, is a famous Russian story-writer, who has won a world-wide reputation for consummate art and profound heart. He was the first of his countrymen to espouse the cause of the serfs. In his stories he brought noble and peasant together, and endeavored to establish the sympathy of a common humanity. Outrage so unparalleled was resented by the nobles, who succeeded in getting Turgeneff banished, but they did not succeed in stay-

ing his pen, which in France pursued its noble course to the great honor of an ungrateful country. In course of time the edict of banishment was revoked, but Turgeneff had found his best friends in an alien land, and his home is still Paris. Tall, looking like a gray-haired Jupiter, full of *bonhomie*, Turgeneff wears his sixty-five years with the easy dignity of a soul that knows far better how to love than to hate, and every now and then writes a story so graceful, so exquisitely simple in its art, that Brownings and George Eliots exclaim, 'This man is a genius!' The genius himself is modest. 'I have not a bit of imagination,' he says; 'I couldn't invent anything if I tried. All my characters are taken from life. I am only a photographer.' Turgeneff undoubtedly has seen all his people, but he has clothed them in garments such as no other brain could fashion."

## The Arts.

### THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

WE dwelt last week in the JOURNAL upon a few of the representative pictures in the present exhibition at the Academy. The classification and arrangement of the paintings by the hanging committee is quite an important feature, as many of our readers will doubtless believe who recollect the feeling expressed last year by some of the leading newspapers in regard to the injustice that was done in this particular to some of the artists. The work of the hanging committee has been done this year, it seems to us, with a great deal of intelligence and good feeling. The most noticeable point in the arrangement of the rooms, next to the fact of the presence of the few really very fine paintings in them, is the grouping together of works by the same artist. Fault has been found with this arrangement to some extent, but it appears to us that the desire a writer has to collect and publish his poems in a volume is much the same as that which an artist feels. Entering the north exhibition-room, the eye rests upon half a dozen paintings, hung together, by Winslow Homer. "The Old Boat," "A Cattle Piece," "A Fair Wind," are the names of some of them; and there are, besides, two or three other pictures. They are not all equally excellent, but standing before them the visitor has an opportunity to study the leading phases of thought that characterize this painter. Every man's works have a certain similarity, no matter how unlike his subjects or the general theme of light or color he may have chosen. He will always do certain things, like laying on his paint, in the same way, and the manner in which he regards his subject will usually be the same. Much has already been said in praise of the easy, elastic motion of the figures of the party in the sailboat, which is scudding along through blue water under "a fair wind." They sway with the rolling boat, and relax or grow rigid as the light keel rises or sinks upon the waves. Every person who has been similarly situated can recall how, involuntarily, his back stiffened or his knees bent as he felt the roll of the waves beneath him. Mr. Homer always delights in a strong sense of animal life,

and it makes him feel like a vigorous boy when he paints these men in their boat; and he shows it when, as one of our newspaper critics has expressed it, "a calf is pulling a colored boy;" and we recall it as well in a scene of some children before a country schoolhouse, running in a circle, hand in hand, and trying who first shall "break the ring." Head over heels the children go topsy-turvy, but it is with a sense of good spirits that makes them delight to use their legs and pull hard with their strong young arms, and with this enjoyment the spectator fully sympathizes. This life and motion are expressed strongly in the group at the Academy.

Side by side with these bright, animated expressions of fresh and humorous life hang the quiet, grave, and poetically-sentimental pictures of McEntee. The autumn wind sighs through most of them, and a still peace, which is yet not sorrowful, is their pervading tone. Of several of these we have spoken in detail when we saw them on the easel in Mr. McEntee's room. Brown leaves flutter in the air, and still pools reflect yet stiller skies. We seem to know the artists themselves better through such groups as these than when we fancy that a chance mood may have embodied itself in a particular way. Year after year, life and the outer world have colored themselves from the peculiar tints of a man's feeling and character, till these pictures are really the web he has woven from his own individuality. So far as the exhibition has been arranged in this manner, it is the artists more than their works even with which it acquaints us, and we feel a personal influence, as if from their immediate society, when we note how much, time after time, and under what different circumstances, the same conditions have affected them. In Mr. Homer, it is now the sight of a frisky calf that stimulates his sense of vitality and motion, and on another occasion the same thought strikes him in sailing on a windy sea. He likes boys and young animals, and we can fancy him joining in their sports; but the gentle quiet of Mr. McEntee's pictures have far other suggestions. Wandering along, we next slip into a vein of thought that in its unity and its variety is a fit expression for the Centennial year. Mr. Perry opens a vista to us as far removed from the two foregoing styles of pictures as if he occupied a different world from the men whose studios are in reality within call of his own. Quilting-scenes, such as we in middle life recollect as events in our childhood, and old kitchens, with their big fireplaces, are here; and it is Irving and Sleepy Hollow, Trowbridge's "Neighbor Jackwood," and Mrs. Stowe's "Old Town," that they recall.

There is one set of pictures which, popular though they are, justice to the public forces us to speak ill of. We refer to the pictures of two babies, one called "Tired Out," and the other "Wide Awake." The pictures of animals, by the same artist, have had immense popularity, from the half-comical, half-human expression which he combines with tolerably-painted animal forms. In these two pictures of babies, a stout child in one case reposes upon a cushion, with a

litter of dogs by its side; and in the other picture the same infant is scrambling after its four-legged pets. If the parents of this child like the story of the pictures, there is nothing to find fault with; but with the story all merit in them as works of art absolutely ceases. It was objected to Landseer's animals that he humanized them too much, but, notwithstanding this adventitious interest that he attached to his dogs or his horses, his works show that the real qualities of his subject had an interest in his eyes. It was the soft, silky coat of his horses or his spaniels that he loved, and grace and harmony, both of color and of arrangement, entered largely into his rendering of all his favorites. With such pictures as these of the babies, art has nothing to do. The animals in all the pictures by this artist might be stuffed animals with an artificial skin stretched over them; they guard their bones, bite at each other, or conduct themselves according to the story to be told; but there is little feeling for what gives the animal any real vitality. Every accessory of these paintings is hard, metallic, and lifeless, and neither beauty, grace, nor ideas of value of light and shade are to be observed; and nothing could be less tender than the hard, wooden forms of the babies, with their skin like dried kid. They are bright and sharp, it is true, but no suggestion of the refinement and sentiment of the light and shade of Nature tempers a fold, or softens an outline.

If art means telling a bold truth upon canvas, with the roughness with which a murder or a railway accident is chronicled in the newspapers, then it is represented in such a picture as "The Preliminary Trial of a Horse-Thief," a very large scene, of many figures. Considering the painter separated from his work, we can conceive of few states of mind less inviting than must have been the fancy which conceived such a scene. The artist doubtless had an intelligent delight in painting some of the brawny, naked arms of the "roughs" who are present at this show. But farther than his pleasure in the power of rendering this anatomy we cannot enter into his feelings. A brutal, besotted-looking man, with hair and beard as rough as hay, forms the centre of a large group of persons; and about him many figures, ugly, vulgar, and coarse in character, are ranged. A scene of deep and wild passion, or low types of men, such as Fortuny and many of the Spanish painters like to represent, may be admirable, and not mar a beautiful picture; but then they are treated as lay-figures, and their wildness or degradation is concealed in the masses of the charming light and shadow or the colors, that glorify the picture. A painting by Schreyer of an attack of some Arabs, lately at Goupil's, was an example such as we would describe. The men in this picture are fierce, and wild, and brutal, but their passions are negated by the modeling of their splendid horses, and the dark faces of the men are nearly concealed by being silhouetted upon a lighter sky. But in the painting of "The Trial of the Horse-Thief" the naked fact makes the picture, and no attempt is anywhere discernible to make it less grossly real to the

spectator. The abstract lines of these figures of coarse men, as they group in the painting, have no massing that is attractive to the eye; and, while we might pardon even such a scene as this, did the author give but an indication that he would have liked such a clear obscure as marks Rembrandt's "Night Watch," the material appliances of art are as harshly ignored as is any noble or dignified expression in any one of this rough group. We cannot think that such a work as this has any excuse to offer for its existence, and its author is no more justified in its production because he is a clever modeler of the arms and legs of the human body than is a writer to be commended who of choice introduces scenes fit only for a criminal-court room to cater to a morbid taste in a sensational novel. While these phases of life must be dilated upon in newspapers, let us hope that they may always be excluded from the fine arts.

THE Old Hall of Representatives at Washington has recently received statues of Governor John Winthrop and Colonel Ethan Allen, contributed by Massachusetts and Vermont. A wider difference in aspect and treatment between two opposite types of men could scarcely be conceived. Winthrop is a stately aristocrat, of solemn mien and Elizabethan garb; Allen is a giant in Continental uniform, of threatening aspect and gesture. Governor Winthrop is stepping ashore from the gangway of his boat, typified by a coil of rope around a tree-stump. By the slope of the plank the left leg is thrown back in a position of easy action, and both lower limbs receive a free and picturesque effect from the ribbons fastening the baggy breeches at the knee, and the rosettes upon the shoes. The body is covered by a belted tunic or blouse in graceful folds, and in the quilled basin of a stiff Elizabethan ruff is a set head of intellectual mould. The head strikes many as diminutive, but it is said to be in exact proportion, by actual measurement, with the original portrait by Vandyck in the State House, Boston, after which it was modeled. The right arm holds the charter and seal of the colony of Massachusetts, and the left hand holds close to the left breast a Bible, which, with the uplifted look, adds to the devotional expression of the figure thus safely landed. There is, however, in its upper part, a constraint something like a shrug, the effect, doubtless, of the stiff outline of the ruff that deprives the fine head of all natural connection with the shoulders by sloping lines. It is unfortunate for the artist that such an *outré* article of dress should be indispensable for a sculptural portrait. Aside from this feature, the statue is a fine one.

Meade's "Ethan Allen" is a vigorous work, full of martial spirit, but its enormous size and violent action make it considerably more fit for an elevated and out-door position than for this hall, where it conflicts with the stately repose of most of the other statues. Allen is represented with one leg advanced, the right hand holding his sword, point downward, and the left arm thrown on guard across his breast. Beneath a small cocked-hat are the frowning brow and resolute mouth of a brave yeoman's face. Such a presentation of the patriotic leader, in an historical painting, would be a great success, but as an isolated statue it lacks the elements of repose and dignity essential to a portrait in marble. Its technical execution is good, but the sculptor has overstepped the proper bounds of realism and of probability in the style of the Continental uni-

form at that early period of the Revolution. There is an excess of detail and ornament in the dress that does not harmonize with our notions of the uniform of a homespun hero like Allen. The sculptor has given him a brand-new garb of Continental style; ruffles protrude from the manly breast and adorn muscular wrists; the breeches are without a crease, the boots evidently new, the buttons, sword, and boot-tops highly polished; altogether it is the make-up of a Continental officer on full-dress parade rather than the garb of the rough and bold Allen.

## From Abroad.

PARIS, March 28, 1876.

THE leading events of the past week have been the marriage of Mademoiselle Bettina de Rothschild to her cousin, Baron Albert, of Vienna, and the gayety and glee of *Mi-Carême*, that one jolly holiday that comes to diversify the quietude of Lent. The weather for once was propitious to the frolic-loving population of Paris, the skies were clear and the sunshine brilliant, and the streets were thronged from an early hour in the morning till late at night. This day being *par excellence* the *fête* of the washerwomen, those ladies were out in full force. The different large wash-houses organized grand cavalcades, in which the prominent feature was huge wagons, glistening with gilt and spangles and gay with flowers, in which the queen of the wash-house for the day sat majestically enthroned. These royal dames bore themselves generally with becoming and appropriate dignity, but, the cavalcades of two rival wash-houses happening to meet, the queen of one, who was attired as a savage, addressed some peculiarly insulting remark to the royal lady of the opposite wagon, who was costumed as a Louis XV. marquise. The two females descended from their chariots and took to fisticuffs, and there were tearing of chignons and rending of garments. The *mêlée* became general, and the police were called upon to interfere, which they did by conducting their belligerent majesties to the police station-house. The wash-house St-Pierre made a magnificent display with a gorgeous chariot drawn by six horses; its occupant being a handsome girl called Mélanie Rarin, who attracted much attention during the day, but who was no more fortunate than her rivals, being conducted to the station-house in the evening in a helpless state of intoxication. There were a good many groups of maskers, chiefly composed of children, on the boulevards in the afternoon. At night every ballroom in the city was crowded to suffocation. The theatres all gave *matinées* in honor of the day, but the attendance thereat was comparatively slim, owing to the powerful out-door attractions of balmy breezes and a cloudless sky.

The last day for sending in the pictures for competition at the Salon formed, as usual, a pretext for a comic and characteristic demonstration on the part of artistic Bohemia. In the afternoon, the halls and main staircase of the Palais d'Industrie were thronged with an eager, noisy, frolicsome crowd, mainly composed of artists and artists' models, who greeted every picture that was brought in with appropriate cries of welcome. A cattle piece would be saluted with a solemn chorus of bellowing and mooing; a group of dogs set the whole assemblage to barking, and, as nearly every person present had brought a dog, and as each dog joined noisily in the chorus, the effect was perfectly deafening. A nude goddess called forth a very uproar of "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and people put up their hands before their faces and looked ashamed with all their might. Then a picture of an angel was

brought in, whereupon everybody folded his or her hands, and began to chant the "Ora pro nobis." The apparition of a huge canvas, borne horizontally on the shoulders of four stout porters, set everybody to hopping wildly up and down to catch a glimpse of the subject. Another was brought in in the same manner, only face downward, whereupon the spectators all went down on their hands and knees to take a peep underneath. Nor were comments and criticisms wanting, some anything but flattering. But, on one picture being brought in that especially struck the fancy of the crowd, they first cheered the artist lustily, then seized him, and, in spite of his struggles and remonstrances, carried him in triumph around the room on their shoulders, first piling on his head a pyramid of some twenty hats of various styles and dimensions. The last quarter of an hour before the closing of the doors was a period of indescribable noise and confusion. Among the cries, shouts, exclamations, and laughter of the uproarious crowd, porters and artists came rushing in with the belated pictures, pushing, jostling, striving, wild with anxiety and nervousness, lest they should be too late. At last the clock struck six, the halls and stairways were cleared, the doors were closed, and silence settled on the Palais d'Industrie till the opening of the Salon. The list of the jury for the Salon has been published. It comprises such names as those of Bonnat, Cabanel, Bouguereau, Lefebvre, Breton, and Fromentin. Meissonier, who always refuses to serve, has been left out this year. These unlucky artists are forced to pass in review and give judgment on some five or six hundred pictures daily. Among the celebrated painters who are to exhibit this year are cited Vibert, who sends "The Bishop's Antechamber;" Lambert, "The Pets of Madame de Rothschild;" De Nittis, "La Place des Pyramides," and "La Route de Castellamare;" Fromentin, two Egyptian pictures; Ribot, "Prometheus scaling the Walls of Heaven;" and Fichel, "A Fête at St-Cloud in the Days of Louis XV." Marchal, whose striking picture, entitled "La Proie," attracted a great deal of attention last year, has chosen a charming subject this season. It is called "The First Step," and represents a frolicsome baby in the act of planting one rosy foot on the lips of his mother, who laughs and kisses it. Altogether, enough has been revealed respecting the coming art-festival in store for us to make us even more impatient than usual for the arrival of the first of May.

The first performance of Mermet's "Jeanne d'Arc" at the Grand Opéra has again been postponed, this time on account of the illness of Faure, who has been attacked with the *grippe*. He sang very superbly at the Rothschild wedding the other day, but it is no wonder that he exerted himself to do his best on that occasion, his fee for singing a single *aria* by Félicien David being, it is said, one thousand dollars. Faure has quarreled with the painter Manet, whose enthusiastic patron he has been for some time, having purchased quite a number of that erratic artist's most atrocious pictures. The other day Faure, so the legend runs, arrived in Manet's studio with a small painting that he had just purchased from a rival artist, and demanded his friend's opinion respecting it. "Badly drawn and worse painted," was Manet's curt commentary. "My dear Manet," made answer Faure, being wounded in his vanity as an art-connoisseur, "that is exactly what numbers of people say respecting your works." At this Manet turned scarlet. "You know Berthelier of the Variétés?" he replied; "he is hoarse, and sings through his nose, and yet I have heard many persons declare that he had more talent than you." Hence a marked and growing coolness



between the artist and his patron—a coolness which will undoubtedly redound to the advantage of Faure's picture-gallery.

Calman Lévy (the successor to Michel Lévy) announces the approaching publication of the third and last volume of Victor Hugo's political writings, entitled "Depuis l'Exil." A curious little pamphlet, entitled "Apparent Death and Unknown Victims," has recently been issued. It is an able protest against the burial-laws of France, which compel interment on the third day after death, and some facts quoted by the author (Dr. Boillet) are certainly startling. He says:

"During the sixteenth century interments followed death so closely that St. Charles Borromeo was forced to issue a severe edict against this dangerous precipitation. It was at this epoch that Cardinal Espinosa, minister to Philip II. of Spain, rose up beneath the bloody knife of the surgeon who was dissecting him, and immediately after expired in horrible agony. It was also at this epoch that the celebrated anatomist Vesalius was condemned by the Holy Inquisition to make a pilgrimage to Palestine on foot, to expiate by that dangerous journey, from which he never returned, the fatal error which he had committed by cutting open the supposed corpse of a Spanish gentleman who revived during the operation. At the same period there dwelt in France one François de Cville, a gentleman of Normandy, 'thrice dead, thrice interred, and thrice, by the grace of God, resuscitated,' as he describes himself.

"It has been calculated that, according to the volume of respirable air contained in a coffin, and which has been estimated at about one hundred and twenty litres, death ought to take place before one-quarter of this provision is expended; it is, therefore, wellnigh certain that, if the pall is thick, the coffin air-tight, and the grave impenetrable to the atmosphere, life cannot be prolonged after inhumation more than from forty to sixty minutes—but is not that alone a whole century of torture?

"The question of precipitate interments was brought before the Senate in 1866. During that sitting Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, after speaking of three persons of his diocese who had come to life, so to speak, before his eyes, related in moving terms the pathetic history of a young priest, stricken with a lethargy while preaching, and left for dead by his physician. In that perilous situation, like many drowning persons, he preserved his lucidity of mind, but he could neither move nor utter a single word; he heard the tolling of the funeral knell, and the recital beside him of the prayers for the dead, and already the last preparations were begun when the power of motion returned to him. 'And,' concluded the orator, 'that priest now stands before you!'

"In 1842 took place the funeral, after a long illness, of a wealthy inhabitant of Nantes. His heirs did things grandly, and ordered sumptuous obsequies. The body was borne to the church, and the ceremony was proceeding, when the solemn funeral chants were interrupted by a loud noise proceeding from the coffin; the dead man had come to life. A few days later he had entirely recovered, but the affair was not yet ended. The accounts were still to be settled, and the bill for the funeral expenses was sent to the recalcitrant defunct, who refused to pay for things he had never ordered, and sent the claimants to his heirs; they, not having come into possession of the funds appropriated for that purpose, also refused to pay. A lawsuit ensued which gave rise to many jocose commentaries, and caused those present to weep from very excess of laughter."

Dr. Boillet also speaks of the immunity to crime afforded by these hurried inhumations, and quotes two recent cases in support of his statements:

"At the village of Bourg was recently beheaded the woman Bouyou, convicted of having assassinated her sole surviving child. This infernal 'maker of angels,' not content with forcing the young martyr to swallow pins, had literally larded its heart with them. It was not her first experiment, but it was her last. This abominable crime caused people to remember the six other children that she had already lost. So many deaths, occurring in a single household, and in so short a time, gave rise at last to seri-

ous comments, and the law in its turn investigated the matter. The bodies of the dead children were disinterred, and the pins found in large numbers in the remains of the poor little creatures proved that this bloodthirsty tigress had killed them all in the same manner; it was, as she said, her method of proceeding. Thus such a slaughter had at first amazed no one, and the grave had closed over six assassinated children successively without their deaths having attracted any particular attention.

"An inhabitant of Marseilles, named Urban, has just been condemned to death for having poisoned his own son with digitalis. The death of the young man, which the murderer calmly attributed to illness, might perhaps have passed for natural, but the doctor, being called in six hours after the sufferer had expired, was surprised at this tardy invitation to attend a patient that no longer existed, and set on foot an inquiry that soon revealed the horrible truth. By judicial investigations it was discovered that the assassin had poisoned his wife with the same substance three years before, without a single protest having retarded for an hour the interment of the unhappy victim."

Among the notable deaths of the past week may be cited that of General Lechesne Thomas, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. General Thomas possessed a certain reputation as a wit, and an anecdote respecting him has been cited since his demise. He was one day, during the Empire, invited to dine with one of the leaders of society at the imperial court. Among the guests was a certain Madame de P—, the corsage of whose dress was cut in so highly indiscreet a fashion that the hostess after dinner took General Thomas aside to express to him her regrets that he should have witnessed such a spectacle at her house. "Oh, never mind, madame," cried, gayly, the general, "we soldiers have often seen ladies dressed in that style in Africa."

Another specimen of French wit to conclude: A well-known art-collector was one day bargaining with a Jewish dealer for a superb Christ on ivory, for which a preposterous price was demanded—three thousand francs—and not a sou less would the merchant take. Finally the purchaser lost patience, and turned away with the remark, "My friend, your ancestors sold the original of that picture for one hundredth part of the money."

Nothing new at the theatres. Mademoiselle Massin of the Vaudeville has gone to fill an engagement in Russia, where her shoulders and her toilets have alike created a lively sensation. Madame Pasca, one of the most gifted French actresses of the present day, has just signed an engagement with the Gymnase. At the Folies Bergère the Magilton family, well known in America to the admirers of the "Black Crook," are filling an immensely successful engagement and drawing crowded houses nightly.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## Science.

IT is with much pleasure that we are permitted to again refer to the prospects of the aquarium at Central Park. It is true that as yet no definite action has been taken toward furthering this worthy enterprise, but that the efforts of the JOURNAL have not been wholly unavailing is evident from the interest manifested by our readers in the success of the scheme. It was our hope that the importance and value of such an institution would have been made so apparent as to attract the attention and open the purse of some one of our many rich citizens. Failing in this, the second plan is that adopted in the European cities, and which finds an advocate in a worthy correspondent whose communication we willingly lay be-

fore our readers; we must be permitted to remind our correspondent, however, that, while the JOURNAL has acted the part of pioneer and special advocate of this enterprise, our efforts have been heartily indorsed and seconded by the other influential journals of the city, having, in addition to this, called forth many letters of encouragement and commendation from distinguished citizens and professors at home and abroad. Confident that the good work cannot be much longer delayed, we would yet be gratified beyond measure to learn that it has been actually begun. In the mean time no personal effort shall be spared to further the interests of this proposed institution, since in its success we see the entertainment and instruction of the people, and the furtherance of scientific knowledge and research. The correspondent to whom we have referred addresses us as follows:

"SIR: I am glad to see that at least one influential journal is in favor of an aquarium in Central Park, and it seems to me but proper that I should inform you that such a thing is possible—that the city can have both a fine aquarium and a first-class zoological garden. My plan is as follows: To let a few capitalists have the free use of twenty acres of ground in the park for a certain number of years, terms to be specified, they—the capitalists—agreeing and furnishing security to erect suitable buildings for animals and aquariums, and to stock the same (in a manner acceptable to the city) with beasts, birds, reptiles, and fishes; the capitalists to have the privilege of charging a small admission for, say, ten or fifteen years; at the expiration of the time agreed upon the whole to be given to the city. The reasons (in my opinion) that this should be done are these: 1. The collection at the park at present is not good. 2. It is not in the right location, being too near Fifth Avenue. 3. The buildings are so badly ventilated that it is impossible for one to remain in them long enough to look at the animals with any satisfaction, and, besides, the buildings are not properly constructed for the display of those animals they now have. 4. All the rare animals are not owned by the park, but belong to showmen who propose to take them away, now that the commissioners have notified the owners that they must pay for the keeping of them; heretofore they have paid half, but they (the owners) justly claim that they cannot afford to import valuable animals and exhibit them free, besides paying higher rates for keeping them than it costs a private individual to feed them. The fifth reason why the foregoing plan should be adopted is, that it would relieve the city of the expense of supporting the present garden. And when the new garden falls into the hands of the city it would be a source of revenue, and it is the only way New York City will ever get a first-class aquarium and zoo-garden, for our city is already overtaxed, and we cannot afford more expense. You cannot enter a zoo-garden in Europe without paying an admittance-fee. Why should we not do the same here—especially when we cannot have a good collection in any other way? Private individuals would build and supply the garden more cheaply than the city could, on the principle that government and city work always costs more than private work. There are many arguments in favor of the plan I have given, but I will not go more into detail until I find that there is a reasonable objection to it. There is private capital now ready to carry forward this work."

THE task of compressing or solidifying coal-waste so that it may be burned in the ordinary grate without crumbling or giving forth offensive smoke is by no means an easy one, and the solution of this problem has engrossed the attention of many an inventor for years. By the aid of pitch or coal-tar the waste of bituminous coal has been shaped into bricks which could be burned in the engine-furnace, but even here the amount of smoke given off is so great as to render it undesirable as a fuel. It appears, however, that, after long-continued and ingenious efforts, methods and machinery have been devised by which the waste dust obtained during the mining of anthracite coal can be moulded into

egg-shaped lumps, and in this form can be burned without discomfort or difficulty in stoves and open grates. The perfection of the process by which this is accomplished seems to have been the result of combined mechanical genius and skill, and, as the problem has been regarded as one the solution of which would mark an advance in household economy, we are prompted to give place to the following interesting and clear description of it:

"The new fuel is composed of ninety-five per cent. of coal-dust and five per cent. of clay, with a small amount of a glue-like mixture made of rye-flour and slaked lime. It is in pieces of the shape and size of hens' eggs. To make the pieces impervious to water, they are dipped in a solution of 'candle-gum,' a residuum of paraffine, and crude benzine. All the manufacturing processes are novel and ingenious. The clay is dried in an oven on sheet-iron plates, the fire being in an iron car running on a track so that it can be pushed forward or backward under the plates. Then the clay is hoisted up to an upper story, pulverized in a mill, and deposited in a wooden receptacle. Close at hand is an iron boiler eight feet in diameter and eight feet high, in which the paste is cooked by steam and stirred by revolving paddles. The paste is of the consistency of thick cream and escapes by a pipe at the bottom of the churn. The coal-dust is drawn up on an inclined plane in small cars, and thrown upon an oscillating wire screen, which takes out all pieces of slate or small chunks of coal. As the dust falls through it is carried in an endless chain bucket-elevator to a bin holding five tons. Now the dust and the clay fall down into a curious little machine that measures out just the proper proportion of each, and throws both ingredients of the future fuel into a common receptacle. But while they are dropping into this receptacle they receive a sprinkling of the liquid paste from perforations in an iron pipe. Another chain elevator takes the commingled ingredients up and deposits them in a huge iron churn holding six tons, in which are seven revolving shafts that swing their great toothed arms about in opposite directions and thoroughly mix the black grist. The substance is now of the consistency of moist sand. It falls upon a leather band, and is carried to the hopper of the pressing-machine. This consists of two iron cylinders, thirty inches in diameter, and the necessary apparatus to revolve them. The cylinders are each indented with eight hundred and seventy large moulds and fifty-six small ones, and as the moulds on the two come together they press the soft mixture into shape, and afterward drop the egg-like chunks upon a moving wire-cloth belt below. The larger pieces weigh two and one-fourth ounces each and the smaller ones half an ounce. Thus far the operation has been wholly automatic, and so it continues to the end. The egg-coals, as they might well be called, must now be dried. They are dropped upon another wire belt that carries them into a great oven heated to a temperature of two hundred and fifty degrees, and fall successively upon still other belts traveling in opposite directions until they have gone the length of the oven five times. When they come out they are ready for burning, but must be 'water-proofed' to protect them from dissolution if caught in a rain-storm. For this purpose another traveling wire belt, across which there are upright partitions of wire, catches them and gives them a bath of two seconds in an iron tank containing a solution of candle-gum and benzine. The tank is inclosed to prevent the escape of the fumes. From the tank the coals go to a big bin called the evaporator, which holds fifteen tons. The benzine fumes rise through pipes to a condensing-coil, and the recovered liquid is conducted back into the tank, from which it ran into the bath. After remaining about an hour in the evaporator the coals fall upon another moving belt, which deposits them in the final receptacle—the 'pocket'—whence they roll into the coal-carts. From the time the clay went into the mill and the coal-dust was emptied on the separating screen, the material has traveled a distance of seven hundred and forty-three feet without being once handled. In the succession of ingenious automatic processes lies the secret of cheap manufacture."

We learn that to contrive this machinery, and get it in perfect order, has occupied the inventor, Mr. E. F. Loiseau, for many years.

A factory has at last been erected in Philadelphia, which, it is estimated, will produce one hundred and fifty tons of this new fuel a day, which is to be placed in the market at one dollar a ton less than the common stove-coal. The inventor may be the possible gainer by the delay which the complications of the work have necessitated, since now the new fuel will be presented as a novel product at the coming Centennial Exhibition.

In the eighth of a series of lectures on "Unhealthy Trades," Dr. Richardson treats of the diseases resulting from the absorption of lead, and presents many startling and interesting facts. The two industrial orders who are specially in danger from lead-poison are painters and potters—the former using lead-salts in admixture with oil and turpentine, and the latter in what is called glazing. As against the accepted idea that in these cases the lead-poisoning results from the contact of the salts with the skin, Dr. Richardson believes that the evidence, on the whole, is conclusive that in all cases of lead-poisoning the lead is swallowed. The workmen or women become careless, and handle their food with hands upon which remain traces of lead or other impurities, the result being an accumulation of the poison in the system. Passing on from the definition of the true cumulative character of this poison and the nature of the several diseases induced by it, we select the following brief extract, that is certainly of a sufficiently startling character to command attention and secure precaution from those who, if they alone were the sufferers, might be less careful. "Happy were it for those," said the speaker, "who are engaged in those branches of industrial pursuits in which poisoning by lead is so frequent an accident, if the influence of the poison were limited to those only who are first affected. Unhappily, the mischief extends from the afflicted parent to the offspring. From the woman under the influence of lead-poison the disease extends to her unborn child. Still more strangely, from the father under the influence of lead-poison the induced disease extends to his children born after its implantation in him. In a remarkable essay on this subject, published in the 'Archives Générales de Médecine,' M. C. Paul, from observations made in the Hôtel Dieu, shows, among other important facts, that, out of thirty-two of the offspring of seven men who were exposed to lead-poisoning, eleven infants were prematurely born and one still-born; that of the remaining twenty infants which were born alive, eight died in the first year, four in the second, and five in the third year, one only living beyond the third year. The death in all these instances was symptomatic of a general muscular paralysis. Thus, he adds, it is necessary to admit that there is a new variety of accident, hereditarily transmissible, which comprises disease produced by an inorganic body."

A BEQUEST has just been made to the Royal Society of London which is of such a character as to excite special interest in scientific circles. The nature and purpose of the gift may be understood from the following reference to it as made by a prominent English scientific journal: "Mr. Phillips Jodrell, a gentleman not unknown as a patron of science, has placed at the disposal of the Royal Society a sum of six thousand pounds, to be applied in any manner that the Royal Society may consider for the time being most conducive to the encouragement of original research in the physical sciences. Mr. Jodrell says that his object is not to found a permanent endowment for the benefit of future generations (hence principal as well as interest is to be used), but to ascertain, by a practical experiment on a

limited scale, to what extent the progress of original research in the physical sciences is retarded in this country by the want of public support to those engaged in it, and in what form an increased measure of such support would be most likely to promote its development. Mr. Jodrell seems to have assumed that original research is retarded by the want of public support in this country, and that the only question is as to the shape that 'endowment' shall take." It will be remembered that the gift made by Professor Tyndall when in this country was of a nature similar to this, and hence the question will naturally arise, Has the result justified the generous hopes of the donor? That scientific progress is marked by the extent and variety of its "original researches" will not be denied, the question being whether those engaged solely in this order of study accomplish more than others who unite with these efforts those of a more practical character. In a word, is it not possible that, if one be paid to ride a hobby, he may ride that hobby to death? If suggestions are in order, we would propose that when any sum is contributed for the furtherance of original research, the recipient of the same be required to submit frequent reports of progress, that the liberal patron may see to it that the enthusiasm of the explorer does not lead him into fields which are virtually barren and profitless.

A SELF-PROPELLING tram or street car has recently been tried on one of the Paris tramways, and the initial efforts of the inventor appear to have been successful. In addition to the advantage likely to accrue to the public from the successful application of this new motor to the common street-car, the mechanic and the engineer will find in the device certain features of a novel and interesting character. The propelling agent is compressed air saturated with steam, and the construction of the parts, with the method by which the power is applied, may be described as follows: Beneath the floor of the car are attached a series of air-tight cylindrical reservoirs, which are filled with compressed air at the starting-points or way-stations. On the front platform, and under the immediate supervision of the driver or engineer, is another cylinder or boiler, which has been filled with hot water under so great a pressure that its temperature at starting shall be about 350° Fahr. When it is desired to start the car, the compressed air is admitted from the reservoirs beneath into the hot-water boiler or tank; as it passes through this column of hot water, it becomes saturated with steam at a high temperature. Instead of permitting this mixture of air and steam to enter the engine cylinders at this high pressure, it passes through a special appliance, by which the pressure is regulated and controlled at the will of the engineer. On leaving this regulator the gaseous mixture enters the cylinders, where it acts upon pistons as in the common locomotive. It is in the use of this saturated air that the novelty of the plan rests, and it is claimed that by this means a long run may be made with a small quantity of air. It is furthermore asserted that the action is noiseless, as the steam, instead of exhausting with the usual noise, is condensed in the cylinders. As in all other systems where condensed air is a feature, there must be erected at one end of the line compressing machinery with powerful engines for compressing the air to twenty-five or thirty atmospheres in the cylinders when the car is at rest. From high-pressure boilers stationed at the same points, the water-tank on the car is also filled.

WHILE Mr. Plympton is engaged before the English courts in an active and vigorous defense of his roller-skate patent, other energetic man-

agers propose to furnish genuine skating all the year round by means of artificial ice. A rink for this purpose has been put down at the Little Bridge Grounds, London, and the ice is to be produced by a modification of the brine and ether process. The floor of the rink is of thin sheet-iron, with the edges turned up so as to constitute an immense shallow pan. This pan is filled with water, and is divided into cells, through which the brine, having been previously cooled by being submitted to the influence of vaporized ether, circulates. By this means, it is expected that an area of sixteen thousand square feet can be kept frozen at an expenditure of about one hundred pounds of coal an hour.

MANGANESE bronze is the name given to a new alloy which has recently been tested at the Royal Gun Factory, Woolwich, England. Its composition, as the name indicates, consists of the ordinary bronze mixtures, to which is added a certain proportion of manganese. It is stated that, by means of this last ingredient, any oxides existing in the original compound are reduced. When an ingot of this alloy is fractured, the broken surfaces present a fine, close grain, more nearly resembling the fractures of the best qualities of steel than the coarse, granular appearance of the common bronze. It may also be cast and forged, the latter operation having the effect of considerably increasing its strength and toughness. As a gun-metal, it is said to be superior to any now in use.

## Miscellanea.

FROM Trevelyan's "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay" (reviewed elsewhere), we glean a few passages. The first is descriptive of Macaulay's personal appearance:

He at all times sat and stood straight, full and square, and in this respect Woolner, in the fine statue at Cambridge, has missed what was undoubtedly the most marked fact in his personal appearance. He dressed badly but not cheaply. His clothes, though ill put on, were good, and his wardrobe was always enormously overstocked. Later in life he indulged himself in an apparently inexhaustible succession of handsome, embroidered waistcoats, which he used to regard with much complacency. He was unhandy to a degree quite unexampled in the experience of all who knew him. When in the open air he wore perfectly new, dark kid gloves, into the fingers of which he never succeeded in inserting his own more than half way. After he had sailed for India there were found in his chambers between fifty and sixty strops, hacked into strips and splinters, and razors without beginning or end. About the same period he hurt his hand, and was reduced to send for a barber. After the operation, he asked what was to pay. "Oh, sir," said the man, "whatever you usually give the person who shaves you." "In that case," said Macaulay, "I should give you a great gash on each cheek."

The following is Macaulay's description of Talleyrand, whom he met at Holland House in his later days:

He is certainly the greatest curiosity that I ever fell in with. His head is sunk down between two high shoulders. One of his feet is hideously distorted. His face is as pale as that of a corpse, and wrinkled to a frightful degree. His eyes have an odd, glassy stare, quite peculiar to them. His hair, thickly powdered and pomatumed, hangs down his shoulders on each side

as straight as a pound of tallow candles. His conversation, however, soon makes you forget his ugliness and infirmities. There is a poignancy without effort in all that he says, which reminded me a little of the character which the wits of Johnson's circle give to Beauclerk.

A few of the letters describe Sydney Smith and his ways:

After breakfast the next morning, I walked to church with Sydney Smith. The edifice is not at all in keeping with the rectory. It is a miserable little hovel with a wooden belfry. It was, however, well filled, and with decent people, who seemed to take very much to their pastor. I understand that he is a very respectable apothecary, and most liberal of his skill, his medicine, his soup, and his wine, among the sick. He preached a very queer sermon—the former half too familiar and the latter half too florid, but not without some ingenuity of thought and expression. Sydney Smith brought me to York on Monday morning, in time for the stage-coach which runs to Skipton. We parted, with many assurances of good-will. I have really taken a great liking to him. He is full of wit, humor, and shrewdness. He is not one of those show-talkers who reserve all their good things for special occasions. It seems to be his greatest luxury to keep his wife and daughters laughing for two or three hours every day. His notions of law, government, and trade are surprisingly clear and just. His misfortune is to have chosen a profession at once above him and below him. Zeal would have made him a prodigy; formality and bigotry would have made him a bishop; but he could neither rise to the duties of his order, nor stoop to its degradations.

Here is a good picture of Jeffrey:

The flow of his kindness is quite inexhaustible. Not five minutes pass without some fond expression or caressing gesture to his wife or his daughter. He has fitted up a study for himself; but he never goes into it. Law-papers, reviews, whatever he has to write, he writes in the drawing-room or in his wife's boudoir. When he goes to other parts of the country on a retainer he takes them in a carriage with him. I do not wonder that he should be a good husband, for his wife is a very amiable woman. But I was surprised to see a man so keen and sarcastic, so much of a scoffer, pouring himself out with such simplicity and tenderness in all sorts of affectionate nonsense. Through our whole journey to Perth he kept up a sort of mock quarrel with his daughter, attacked her about novel-reading, laughed her into a pet, kissed her out of it, and laughed her into it again. She and her mother absolutely idolize him, and I do not wonder at it. His conversation is very much like his countenance and his voice, of immense variety; sometimes plain and unpretending even to flatness; sometimes whimsically brilliant and rhetorical almost beyond the license of private discourse. He has many interesting anecdotes, and tells them very well. He is a shrewd observer, and so fastidious that I am not surprised at the awe in which many people seem to stand when in his company.

Macaulay's early impressions of the manner of Lady Holland are as follows:

I happened, in speaking of the Reform Bill, to say that I wished that it had been possible to form a few commercial constituencies, if the word constituency were admissible. "I am glad you put that in," said her ladyship. "I was just going to give it you. It is an odious word. Then there is *talented*, and *influential*, and *gentlemanly*. I never could break Sheridan of *gen-*

*tlemanly*, though he allowed it to be wrong." We talked about the word *talents* and its history. I said that it had first appeared in theological writing, that it was a metaphor taken from the parable in the New Testament, and that it had gradually passed from the vocabulary of divinity into common use. I challenged her to find it in any classical writer on general subjects before the Restoration, or even before the year 1700. I believe that I might safely have gone down later. She seemed surprised by this theory, never having, so far as I could judge, heard of the parable of the talents. I did not tell her, though I might have done so, that a person who professes to be a critic in the delicacies of the English language ought to have the Bible at his fingers' ends. She is certainly a woman of considerable talents and great literary acquirements. To me she was excessively gracious; yet there is a haughtiness in her courtesy which, even after all that I had heard of her, surprised me. The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she keeps her guests. It is to one "Go," and he goeth; and to another "Do this," and it is done. "Ring the bell, Mr. Macaulay." "Lay down that screen, Lord Russell; you will spoil it." "Mr. Allen, take a candle and show Cradock the picture of Bonaparte."

AN English writer gives a glowing description of Dutch women:

I must first make the negative remark that they do not resemble Rubens's fat Madonnas. Those represent Flemish ladies, while the Dutch have very generally dark hair and eyes, and, strange to say, there is something Spanish-looking in not a few. The Dutch lady's face is a grave and thoughtful one. There is much quiet dignity in it. It indicates great capacity of emotion, but is not easily moved. Neither does she speak too readily, but with a certain calm deliberation, which gives a quietness to her society unlike that of ladies in general. Too much reticence of tongue, however, is not considered a usual female fault; the mention of it may exalt my Dutch friends in the opinion of many, and, indeed, to my mind, there could hardly be a better specimen of humanity than a good Dutch lady. She seems to me altogether unique. I cannot associate her with the ladies of any other countries I have known. How industrious she is, rising early and late taking rest! How neat, without preciseness! How active, without fussiness! How devoted to her household and her family! How clever with her needle and her scissors, both in the useful and the ornamental, and about so many things which we English ladies despise; and yet how cultivated she is, without the least pretension! To compose admirably in two, even in three languages besides her own, does not entitle any lady there to the name of "blue-stocking," and far deeper studies than these are often pursued without the least assumption of that character. And what friends are these Dutch ladies! How thoughtfully affectionate, how considerably kind! Happy they who can call them so! Their humble sisters present a very different appearance from themselves, but still keep us far from Rubens's pictures, having a much more compact and neat exterior, and being really remarkable for their general prettiness. They are usually very fair, although the braid of hair on the white forehead, of which so little is seen, owing to the stiff border of the snowy cap, is of soft dark brown. This cap, with a clean print jacket, and a buy-a-broom black skirt, short and full, forms the costume of the servants, a neat and pretty race, and a sturdy one, too, as any one may perceive who will walk through a Dutch town early on a Sat-



urday morning, and see how a Dutch maiden can propel the upward stream from her waterspout to the topmost windows of the lofty houses. Really she looks pretty as, with her fair, oval face turned upward, whither she sends her streams, with her rounded arms bare, and with many a little movement of her neat and active person, she spreads her floods around, remaining like a naiad in the midst of them. She looks pretty, I say, quite pretty enough, at all events, to prevent the jest from being a sneer, when a Dutch writer wittily exclaims, "Why should we complain that we have no fountains in our large towns, since each Saturday every canal-side and principal-street is a fountain, where hundreds of naiads, not of bronze or marble, but full of life and vigor, shoot up streams of water in graceful bows, rushing against the loftiest windows with cheerful clatter, and spreading freshness and coolness all around?"

WRITING of the Walt Whitman controversy, the *London Daily News* utters an acute thought as follows:

As to Whitman's poetic position, we cannot help thinking that it was to some extent forecast for him; that he presented himself opportunely to fill a place which certain persons had already determined that somebody must fill. During the Tichborne trial one of the witnesses said he had always wondered, seeing how determined Lady Tichborne was to have a long-lost son restored to her, that some claimant for the position had not turned up years before the famous and fat adventurer presented himself. In the same way we may, perhaps, express our wonder, seeing how many persons were determined on America's having a grand national poet, utterly unlike any other poet, that an acceptable claimant for the place did not present himself years before Mr. Walt Whitman was discovered. America, it was declared, must have a poet all her own. He must sum up somehow in his style all the attributes of vastness, newness, grandeur, and freedom, which the soil and institutions of the States represent. He must typify Niagara and the prairies, and the Mississippi, and the Rocky Mountains, the Adirondacks, the Golden Gate, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the big trees of California, the great lakes, and the setting sun. He must stand forth the representative of man, emancipated and progressive. He must be artistically the "last word" of the Anglo-Saxon race. All this had long been settled. Many years ago Mr. Longfellow had good-humoredly but effectively ridiculed the whole theory in his "Kavanaugh." He endeavored to show that the greatness of poets does not necessarily correspond with the height of mountains, and that, at all events, let the mountains of a poet's native country be never so high, let its lakes be seas, and its cinnamon-bears fierce as other people's tigers, there are certain essential conditions in the production of poetry from which the Sierra Nevada or the Alleghanies can no more confer a dispensation than modest Helvellyn or, for that matter, Ludgate Hill. It was settled, however, that there was to be a great national minstrel of America. When, therefore, a man of such authority as Mr. Emerson professed to have discovered a genuine poet, inspired of Heaven and earth, who disdained the trammels of conventional rhythm and rhyme, and who was a law unto himself, it is not surprising that a good many people believed their predictions to have come right and the hour to have brought the man. We read in many histories and tales about legends long prevailing among some semi-savage tribes which tell that on an uncertain day a wondrous stranger, with this or that peculiarity

of garb or feature, is to appear among them and is to be their king. Some day there wanders into their settlement an unsuspecting and perhaps utterly commonplace stranger. His mere coming excites wonder and emotion of various kinds, and, if he bears about him any mark which ingenuity can possibly adopt as one of the tokens of the prophecy, he is naturally accepted as the long-expected chief, and is even perhaps forcibly installed in the high position. It was somewhat in this way, we think, that Walt Whitman came in the first instance to be installed as the national poet of America.

THE excessive use of italicized words in writing is often ridiculed; here we have an illustration of how some people talk in italics:

They emphasize their words as if each began with a capital, or was to be written in italics; and their voices inflect the inverted commas and notes of admiration which, writing, they would have marked down with a broad pen and in the blackest ink. If they tell you that they have just come in from a drive in the park where they saw the chestnut team, they speak with as much emphasis as if they were acting in a melodrama at the moment of supreme danger, or, if in graver style, as if they were relating the deliberations of a cabinet-council, dealing with the fall of empires and the creation of future history. When they shake hands with you and inquire after your health, which is in the most uninteresting condition of flawless perfection, they wring your hand for the first part till you can hardly repress your groans, and for the second they throw into their voices such an array of italics and capital letters as would be excessive and exaggerated were they asking after the condition of an invalid hovering between life and death, and whose state carried with it the welfare of more existences than his own. They mean no more than the next comer who shakes hands without torture and speaks without emphasis, whose voice has no italics, and his words no capital letters; it is simply their way, and they emphasize by inflation, as others emphasize by adjectives and by using the largest words for the smallest events. It is very funny to listen to these emphatic people. From a distance, a stranger to their method might imagine them in deep distress, or furious wrath. They growl, they shriek, they hammer out their words, with

urgent stress and swinging force; they run through their register, now high, now low, and always powerfully emphatic; but it is all nothing. They are talking about the weather or the cattle-plague, yesterday's dinner or to-morrow's tea, and their italics are of no more value than so many painted cannon and dummy-gunners, things that look formidable, but do not carry either peas or pellets.

THE *London World* thinks that the new tormentor with which our peace is threatened is the spelling-bee:

We do not for a moment deny that the spelling-bee is, judging from the orthography of the notes that reach us, very sorely required; we cheerfully concur in the advisability of more than half our acquaintance having a "column of spelling" set them every morning, and being compelled, under pains and penalties, to repeat it before luncheon; but we also consider it hard that we should be required not only to be the spectators of the repair of their neglected education, but to profess ourselves amused by the process. We might as well commence earning the conventional "honest penny" by taking service under the school board and instructing illiterate Arabs at once. The commencement of these bees opens a wide field before amateur instructors, and premonitory symptoms of a geographical bee, where some very curious confessions of ignorance will be elicited, may be already noticed. Will some enthusiast in the cause of fashionable adult education kindly inaugurate a grammatical bee? Perhaps after a course of such entertainments it may be possible to persuade a lady, when answering an invitation, to reflect that when she is actually writing the acceptance of an invitation it is highly ridiculous to state that she "will have" pleasure in accepting it, when any pleasure there may be in the acceptance must certainly be present, not future. We mention this as a blunder of hourly occurrence, but there is a fine crop of similar errors in full bloom ready to the hand of the grammatical purist. It would be true enjoyment to witness the denizens of a Belgravian drawing-room subjected to exercises in parsing. Probably before long, instead of "a little music" after dinner, we shall be comparing copying-books, and blushing damsels will be receiving China beehives and cognate objects of utility and art as prizes for superior pothooks and irreproachable hangers.

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